THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SERVING SOLDIER

THOSE who hold honestly and sincerely to any ideal are not only not dismayed, but greatly encouraged, when they discover that the same purpose is the goal of other men, far outside their organization, trained in habits of thought which are not theirs, and committed to solutions which they are forced to discard. Indeed, it would hardly be too much to say that the sincerity of a conviction might be measured in terms of the gratefulness with which any contribution tending to familiarize it in the minds of men, from whatever quarter proceeding, is welcomed.

The Unitarian Laymen's League is admittedly a group of citizens of the very highest standing. The contributions which they have made during the years they have existed as a body are invariably of the highest value to any good cause that has been lucky enough to enlist their attention. Proceeding from the ranks of the old Congregational Church in the early days of the last century, the body to which its members belong was reinforced from the very start, in pulpit and pew, by men of the highest purpose and intellect, for whom the murky air of Calvinist belief was no longer respirable. In the famous "five points" these men laid down a doctrine of human perfectibility, unfettered by dogma, and provided a via media between supernaturalism and sheer materialistic determinism that was of inestimable value to America's mental upbuilding. It was in their ranks that such effective and elect souls as Emerson, William Ellery Channing, the Adamses, Webster, and Theodore Parker found a spiritual home, and the mere fact that its ground principle was and has never ceased to be toleration, and that it embalms in the amber of its benign beliefs so much of New England transcendental culture, should be sufficient to earn the respect of all patriotic Americans for Unitarianism.

To find so representative a body, therefore, on the very morrow of The Commonweal's appeal for greater coöperation among the Catholic laity, addressed upon a similar need in its own communion, cannot help but be instructive, and, rightly regarded, should prove helpful. Mr. Roger Ward Babson, who made Churchmanship and Laymen the text of his own lay sermon at the fifth annual convention of the league, is not himself a Unitarian. But, as a recognized authority, one of the highest in America, upon statistical and economic subjects, and as a loyal Congregationalist, he has a double right to our attention when he speaks upon so vital a matter as the apostolate of laymen to laymen in this age of jarring beliefs and misdirected energy.

The parrot cry, so familiar in the columns of our

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liberal journals that "the churches have failed," was no part of Mr. Babson's discourse. Rather, in the entire fabric of such civilization and security as we enjoy, he sees an ideal at work which it has been their business to keep before men's eyes, and which, upon the whole they have followed faithfully. "We laymen," says Mr. Babson, "know that banking, industry and commerce are only able to exist today because of the teachings of the church . . . We know that the basic arts and sciences were founded in monasteries and that religion furnished the inspiration which built the cathedrals, carved the statuary, and painted the pictures which we visit Europe today to see. We know that America is what she is today because our first building was the church and our first text-book was the Bible."

It is when he turns from this frank admission on the part of men whom he meets in the course of his busy life to their apathy and coldness towards the various bodies through which, presumably, the benefits they reap have come to them, that Mr. Babson is puzzled, and suggests certain reasons for the paradox which are interesting to follow.

First, Mr. Babson believes that the layman is not only "not interested" in theology, but disgusted when it is made the basis of strife, as at Dayton recently. This layman, he thinks, has a general idea that the "great fundamentals" are "tolerance, faith, prayer and influence," and will keep away from the churches until the preacher "delivers the goods."

Secondly, he sees the church as one more victim of the dualism of modern life. "We know that if any one individual should today attempt to apply Jesus's teachings in everyday life, he would be nearly wiped out of existence unless there were some monastery to which he could flee." Nevertheless, the layman demands that "the church should honestly recognize its present inconsistency."

Thirdly, and perhaps most important of all for Catholics who read Mr. Babson, "the church has unconsciously become a haven for saints rather than a hospital for sinners . . . The church was founded by poor people for poor people; by sinners for sinners; by the weak for the weak." It will regain its former influence, Mr. Babson thinks, only so far as it gets back to beginnings.

It is unfortunate, but inevitable, that any Catholic comment upon Mr. Babson's three great issues should find itself sharply at odds not only with his conclusions, but with his premises. If theology is unpopular with the congregations of Protestant churches today, it can only be because the men who can make it interesting are not at hand, and if they are not at hand, it is at least a reasonable assumption that enthusiasm has waned under successive attenuations—in a word that, in trying to popularize their message, its spokesmen find themselves with very little left that any layman of good will could not impart as well as they. If the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are and always have been difficult to reconcile with "getting on" (Mr. Babson dates the "unfortunate situation" from the days of Constantine—surely far enough back!) all the greater the need for some moral authority that will, regularly and frequently, interpret infractions of them as moral lapses. And if the sinner, conscious of moral lesions or in low spiritual health, keeps away from the churches, may not the motive of his abstention be, not so much "mauvaise honte," as Mr. Babson thinks, but rather a consciousness that the remedies to which he will be directed are only such as he could apply himself, without any intervention by healing and consecrated hands?

No one, probably, would be more surprised than Mr. Babson to find his appeal, made to Unitarians, for lay coöperation in the churches of America regarded as an implicit plea for more dogma—still less as a plea for a sacramentalism from which Unitarianism registers the farthest rebound. And yet it is impossible to read his appeal to laymen without, at the same time, feeling that he has laid down pretty clearly the limits of what laymen can accomplish. In any church where belief in a consecrated priesthood and hierarchy does not obtain, the function of a spiritual head will always be vague and ill-defined, peculiarly subject to accidents of personality, character, and forensic ability.

It is only because Catholics, as a body, have so definite a view of the spiritual functions which inhere in its priesthood by virtue of their sacred call and ordination, that The Commonweal was able last week, without any fear of being misunderstood, to voice what it believes is a pretty general call for more active coöperation by the laity, not so much in fields which they have entered with any conscious purpose of an apostolate, as in fields where they find themselves placed by reason of their calling and station, and the stewardship for which, it feels, may not longer be evaded. But that such a mission of service to their fellows is best accomplished by men, in Mr. Babson's words, "more intellectual than the average run of people," and who are, quite frankly, waiting for the "masses" to catch up to the level of their message, is just one of the delusions that accounts for so much of the moral confusion of our times. We believe it is safest in the hands of men who share the submission in essentials of faith and morals with humbler and less enlightened brethren, men not tired of theology, but grateful for fresh aspects of the faith to which they subscribe; men not averse to "ancient rites," but finding in them solace and inspiration amid a crassly material world, men not intellectually uplifted, but who, before any manifestation of the Divine will, can echo from their hearts the words of the centurion which reach us across vanished ages and wrecked empires—"I also am a man subject to authority."

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THE COMMONWEAL

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

CARLTON J. H. HAYES JAMES J. WALSH
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE HENRY LONGAN STUART
R. DANA SKINNER T. LAWRASON RIGGS

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WEEK BY WEEK

AS WE go to press, representatives of the American people are looking into the French bank account. The general feeling is that leniency will characterize the settlement. While there are some who profess to be worried lest nothing more substantial than roses will be placed on Lafayette's tomb, there are others who feel the sentimental significance of that tomb so profoundly that they should like a complete cancellation of the sums due. Wisdom will seek a middle course, realizing that both the prestige and the welfare of this country are bound up with financial realism. We could not consistently abrogate the French debt without at the same time cancelling what other countries owe; but there is every reason why the terms granted should be generous. International relationships today are not the same as they were during the furious years of war, but certainly a few sparks of antique idealism must remain to suggest that we do not wish the financial ruin of France any more than we wished her to crumble in battle. Civilization and national poverty are not the best of friends; and when everything has been said, we do subscribe to the civilizing mission of France, and we do agree that the vision which has distinguished her past must be preserved for the future. In addition, everybody knows that the Institute of Politics is not talking nonsense when it declares that any attempt on the part of the French to meet their obligations in full would speedily result in hopeless bankruptcy.

FRANCE, in the person of M. Caillaux, is hastening to come to an agreement because financial instability is the greatest obstacle to her present concerns. Many of her citizens feel, as the Temps expresses it, that "the matter of interallied debts has influenced the relations between America and Europe, and has enabled the United States, which has refused all direct responsibility for the political and economic reconstruction of Europe, to bear indirectly with all the influence of its financial power on the solution of the grave questions relative to the execution of the treaties." But will the debts entailed by this "indirect influence" be whisked away speedily? Time alone will tell. Meanwhile France must see more and more clearly the futility of M. Poincaré's ideas and hopes. In attempting to saddle upon Germany full responsibility for the war, he tried to justify an arrangement that would make her sole debtor. The whole enterprise was hopelessly wrong, and of course proved a hopeless failure. By comparison, the present French government must be credited with a sensible understanding of what the European situation is, and which way the safety of the nation lies. We trust that its plans will not be unluckily upset in Washington.

THE decision of Secretary Kellogg to bar from this country a delegate to the congress of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, seems a rather overweening example of vigilance on behalf of the country's internal security. Unfortunately, it also indicates something like a want of national courtesy. Did anybody seriously believe that Saklatvala, a comparatively amusing example of Oriental furore, could spread Bolshevism on the four American winds while seeing the sights of Washington? One can hardly think so. The Secretary's plea that the immigration statutes must be administered impartially, reminds us strongly of that literalness which induced the old gentleman in the story to believe he was dead the morning after he arrived at three-score and ten. Great Britain must be not a little edified at a sociological super-orthodoxy which so promptly hastens to its own rescue. But amusement is not the only circumstance involved. This same variety of prompt meddlesomeness, of unnecessary readiness to sight a chip, has cost us much international friendship in the past in places where amicable relations were desirable.

SAKLATVALA, after all, was coming as a guest to a conference which, if it does anything, will promote harmony among nations. Granted that he is the most dangerous man in the world—which obviously he can scarcely be—it would have cost nothing to waive a point, avoid friction, and—test the steadiness of the American people. It is rather clear to the observant citizen that if there were anything in promoting Bolshevism in the United States, home talent would supply all the elbow-grease necessary. To flaunt the old scare is not even good political capital in this era; and, for the honor of the American people, even the Secretary from Minnesota might forget about it.

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IT is heartening to see the New York Times (an organ not at all prone to sentimental enthusiasms) insisting editorially that the question of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia shall, on no account, be kept out of the forthcoming security conference. That influences, occult and sinister, are at work for its exclusion, is apparent to political weather-prophets in Europe, if not here. It would be nothing short of a calamity if the immediate advantages that would accrue to European settlement by a removal of the stumbling-block, should gain advocates in this country. The determination of the French government and people that some covenanted means of coming to the assistance of these creations of the Versailles treaty any time they are threatened, should be left them, has its roots, not only in logic, but in historical good sense.

FRENCHMEN have not forgotten the disastrous treaty of Tilsit, and the iniquitous desertion of Poland that was its immediate fruit. They see in this breach of national faith, committed to secure the friendship of Russia, the point from which Napoleon's fortunes date their decline, and they are not inclined to repeat his mistake now, when peace, not dominion, is their goal. To leave the ancient victim of dynastic greed, the historic prey of the three black eagles, unprotected in the face of Hindenburg's Germany (moving towards union with what is left of Austria) to say nothing of a Russia concerning which prophecy is idle, is about the safest way to guarantee new wars in the near future that even the ingenuity of diplomats could devise.

THE grip of Robert Marion La Follette upon his native state was not loosened by death. This fact has been impressed upon the stalwarts of Wisconsin and elsewhere by the outcome of a primary election, which gave the Senator's son a comfortable majority over all his opponents combined. Obviously, the Badger commonwealth—and possibly the Northwest—is in no hurry to alter its political faith. It still believes in having direct, liberal and outspoken representation at Washington, no matter if pronouncedly La Follette doctrine may sometimes be a little difficult to keep up with. We hope the citizens of the state will not swerve from the route indicated by the primary. We hope so the more because old-line Republican activities have revealed an almost incredible stupidity and indifference to the public weal. Mr. Wilcox, the regular candidate, has been repudiated by Senator Lenroot and Chairman Butler, presumably because he does not guarantee a victory. Their support—which is the help of the National Republican committee—is pledged to Mr. Dithmar, who will also receive what can be mustered of the vote cast by the Klan in the primary.

THE issue is so clear that it could be sighted by a blind man. Mr. Wilcox is the candidate chosen by the regular and representative Republican convention and he is a Catholic; Mr. Dithmar ran on his own accord and is sponsored by the Klan. That Senator Lenroot should have dared to come before the citizens of his commonwealth with a proposal so contrary to all the rules of decent political sportsmanship, can mean only two things—first, that the stalwart Republicans are afraid of their hides and will use every possible trick to save them; secondly, that the younger La Follette has been given a splendid opportunity to uphold respectability and civic common sense in Wisconsin. We do not doubt that the coming senatorial election will mean victory for liberal Republicanism; and we hope that now, since the challenge has been issued, the one shortly to follow will be similarly distinguished and provide Senator Lenroot with a non-stop ticket for the political limbo he is so thoroughly qualified to inhabit.

THE attack of Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court at Brooklyn, upon the alimony system, made last week, strikes one as rather an ex parte statement. No doubt there are hardships in its application, and the court procedure which enables a separated wife, upon a single default, to have her errant spouse cast into jail, might well bear revision. But to base a plea for the abolition of support upon the "equal rights" which women possess today before the law, is a futile gesture. All the rights which the law can confer will not redress the inequalities which press upon women in the marital adventure. These are economic and natural, and legislation cannot alter them. Particularly offensive to Catholics and the many outside the Church who share her views on the indissolubility of marriage, is the suggestion that alimony shall only be granted when the "final decree" has been pronounced. "I have studied court records," says Judge Strong, "and find that twenty separation suits are started to every divorce. Women only want alimony." The assumption seems gratuitous. Many women who would not dream of seeking a divorce resort to the courts for the protection which a separation decree affords themselves and their children. In the latter case, even the Judge admits the justice of continued maintenance. But it is hardly less urgent in many a case where the wife is not in her first youth, or is an invalid, or has no special training that will enable her to earn a living in the rough and tumble of life. To abolish alimony, lock, stock, and barrel, unless she goes on to the extremer separation, so far from "serving the best ends of justice," might well prove a temptation to violate conscience which the courts have no right to hold out.

WHETHER the news that Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the Episcopal diocese of Western New York, brings back with him from Stockholm is cheering or not, would seem to depend on the length of the views on "life and work" which he and his fellow conferees were satisfied to take at the Universal Christian Con-

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ference held this month in Sweden's pleasantly aerated capital. Not only were plans for a better world frankly discussed, but plans for a less crowded one too. The one occasion, indeed, on which Mr. N. R. Melhorn, editor of The Lutheran, who accompanied Dr. Brent, has enthusiasm to report so genuine that it expressed itself in cheers, was when "an Australian speaker advocated the dissemination of contraceptive information." In other words, what the head of the Western New York diocese brings back is the vision of a world so vastly improved that the old haphazard type of life that came by love and trust in the Father of all men, can no longer be invited to step into it.

A BETTER time for fewer people, is a slogan that does not lack the quality of appeal for a generation where love of well-being and mistrust of the future are logical stable companions. But at first sight it is hardly compatible with the apostolic fervor and desire to see the Kingdom of God cover the earth that one would expect from men who have no hesitation in usurping the title "universal"—even when representatives of the Universal Church are left outside their deliberations. The Anglican and American Episcopal churches contain too many men of faith and good works, for us to believe that as teaching bodies they endorse the "strong sympathy" for birth control which surprised Dr. Brent in Europe. But certain statements from English church leaders of note within the past few months are disquieting. Nothing can be imagined that will damage their reputation more or give a better text to hostile critics who already censure them as the churches of the privileged minority, as a suspicion that they are putting up the "House Full" signs, not because the building is crowded, but because those inside want more space and air.

WE have so often advocated the necessity for more careful thought about the agencies that make for international peace, that it is a pleasure to note the address on the subject delivered by the Reverend John A. Ryan before the National Conference of Catholic Charities. As usual, the speaker was frank and practical. He concluded by saying—"Any particular method of securing world peace must be adopted by political governments before it can become effective. Hence, it must become the subject of political discussion, both without and within legislative chambers. Our legislators should have the benefit of our reasoned opinion on one or all of these methods—the World Court, outlawry of war, disarmament, and compulsory arbitration. Unless we are willing to study these proposals and to acquire an intelligent attitude toward them, we are neither good citizens nor loyal subjects of the Pope and bishops." Perhaps it might be added that the average Catholic has hardly the time to study carefully these problems for himself. He ought, therefore, to attribute due weight to the authoritative voices of those who are in a position to speak from a knowledge of Catholic teaching and political reality.

NOW that Shakespeare's Hamlet, from all accounts, has survived the acid test of being presented in dinner-jackets and bowler hats, it is to be hoped the caprices of young intellectuals across the water will be set at rest, and that their sedulous apes in this country will not force us to contemplate the doubting Prince in the "korrect klose" of bedroom comedy. Having registered the extreme point of a reaction from the archaeological school of Mansfield and Tree, the innovators will only continue their efforts under pain of becoming as troublesome as they are self-conscious. Commentators in the American press upon this storm in an English tea-cup, have allowed themselves too easily to be impressed by the argument that Shakespeare, until the day of Garrick, was costumed in fashions of the period. The fact of the matter is that archaeology stepped in, only when contemporary dress had become too standardized and drab not to be a discrepancy beside the language and dénouements of romance. The cloaks, the trunk hose, the swinging swords, were just so many aids to an illusion that former generations had not needed. Like the bright rags worn at Mr. Britling's Saturday night parties, their function was to give a sense of escape from the workaday world, and to gratify the eternal love of the child in man for "dressing up." In a word, they were symbols, and to dress Hamlet like a waiter is as futile a gesture as to dress him like a viking.

LATELY we called attention to the extraordinary sermon preached in Westminster Abbey by Bishop Barnes, of Birmingham, England, in which he revived the ancient and now wholly exploded theory that the Mass was but a parody of the Mithraic ceremonies. It was a singular spot to choose for such a performance, and we cannot wonder that the opposite party in the Church of England has made strong protest. This has taken the shape of a communication from the committee of the English Church Union, signed in their name by Lord Shaftesbury—a leader of the Anglo-Catholic wing of the Establishment. Calling attention in the first place, as we did in our note, to the fact that Dr. Barnes's "intellectual reputation has been won exclusively within the realm of mathematics," they continue, again very much on our lines, to speak of his discourse as "crude in the extreme, suggesting rather a young student's hasty assimilation of some text-book than the mature scholar's investigation of original sources." Finally they appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the head of the body to which they and Dr. Barnes belong, to take such steps as will "provide against a recurrence of this most distressing and scandalous event." We await a further manifesto respecting his more recent "distressing and scandalous" speech extolling birth control.

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YEAR by year, as the autumn comes round, the people of the British Isles may be envisaged as standing with their ears open to be told by the self-styled modern churchmen at their annual conference, exactly how much of the intolerable burden of belief may be sloughed off for the next year. They have already lightened the pack of any belief in the Virgin Birth, in the Resurrection and in miracles, and this year really marks an important advance. The Reverend J. Bezzant, vice-president of the Ripon Theological College, an institution in which young men are trained for the ministry of the Established Church of England, has announced at the conference which has just concluded, that God should no longer be described as "Omnipotent," since that title is a "relic of the time when God was chiefly used for military purposes." The connection between that title and warfare, in which the victor implies the vanquished, does not seem very clear, neither is the further aphorism that "another anachronism was the conception of God as a judge of assize." There are savage races who, believing in a Supreme Being, yet conceive Him as so far off as to be completely detached from, and uninterested in, the affairs of man. To some such conclusion these modernist clerics seem to be coming. One hope, however, is left to us. They will never altogether eliminate God from their sphere of ideas. If they did, Othello's occupation would indeed be gone.

THE human throng, as it surges past the eternal monuments of Rome, is often spontaneously picturesque. And in this Holy Year, Orient and the ends of the West mingle in the sombre glory where deathless human recollections, of battle and of peace, recover the vividness of departed yesterdays. Out of all the pilgrimage pageant, the Holy Father has chosen one scene for especial notice—the march of Boy Scouts into Saint Peter's for Mass and Benediction. It must have been memorable to see them all there, lads from every corner of America, from Arabia, from all the fringes of Europe—the world's hope and responsibility for the future, assembled internationally and fraternally, as no other power could assemble them. And upon those faces, fresh and eager, were written reverence, awe, and the joy of a triumph. His Holiness watched their little parade, blessed them with his lifted hand, told them that life in the spirit would keep them and their world beautiful and free. It was all a pleasure to him, as it must have been to them. And yet there are many stones in this same Rome that might speak of child faces suddenly cold in death —the faces of early martyrs whom different Sovereign Pontiffs were not afraid to send out against wild beasts and instruments of torture, confident that the sacred trust was safe with them. After all, though we often marvel at the power of faith over those who have grown old while coming down strange paths, the most radiant might of religion is its control of little ones. To them it brings a vision which all the clouds of living cannot often dim. And in the end, we say that Rome is eternal because perennially—as was expressed by the symbol of the Boy Scout pageant—it renews itself in the hearts of children.

THE Third International Congress of Entomologists has been holding session at Zurich, and the reports of its doings show that that veteran of science, Father Wasmann, S.J., has lost none of his early vigor. The Jesuit scientist has been discoursing on the manners and customs of ants, of which he admittedly knows more than any other living man, especially on their curious habit of keeping slaves in their dwelling places to help them in carrying on their labors. Further, he has been taking part in a great debate on the subject of mimicry, a fertile subject of discussion since early Darwinian days. That something of the kind exists, there can be no doubt, but upon the explanation of specific cases—teleological, chemical, physiological, or mechanical—that continually arise, there are a multitude of opinions, and perhaps all that can be said at present is that the factors are multiple and each of them applicable only in given instances.

NO longer may poor authors, aware of their own merit and achievement, be pigeon-holed with a shrug by critics of whatever stamp. Forty French judges in extending the interpretation of the old "Loi de la Presse," have decided that when a scribe shall have been pummeled in a journal or critical review, he may reply to the charges and exact space from the offending periodical. The glorious consequences of this legal innovation must be apparent to everybody. A particularly bad novelist, against whom all critical thumbs are turned down, can reap fame none the less by means of an intricate published correspondence. The printed works of atrocious poets may be extended without cost to themselves. This epoch-making decision involves the Révue des Deux Mondes, and certain translators of Aeschylus who were once accused of staging a mediocre performance. But in a larger sense it has to do with the criticism of the critics. What prodigal use John Milton might have made of such a law, in the days when Royalist bloods had cornered all the literary journals! Or think of the zest a present-day student could get from Walt Whitman's meaty responses to journals which had been shocked out of their beards by his rhymeless dithyrambs!

BUT this law is not the only thing of its kind in France. Emile Baumann, internationally famous since he won the Prix Balzac, has been sparing no effort to clear himself of guilt for "episodes malpropres." Baumann, who is the author of L'Anneau d'Or des Grands Mystiques, is himself a mystic, a fiery Catholic, and a realist, at one and the same time. This combination

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often results in his referring to a spade with scriptural directness. Consequently, many very good critics have blushed in print when reviewing his books. M. Baumann hurries to his own rescue with a letter which retorts that some people are alarmed even by sacred texts which their pastors quote on Sundays; that realism is only honesty in literature; and that those who cannot read sensibly had better not read at all. The controversy involved is an old one. But it is still productive of entertainment and fiery diction. For us in the United States it is interesting to know that France still numbers among its citizens a few who might claim relationship with "puritans" in America. Perhaps the Parisian stamp on so much of our pornography is not very authentic after all.

BY the recent death of Lieutenant-Colonel Walter McKeown, C. B. E., M. D., the Calvert Associates have lost an early member, and the Catholic community of Toronto one of its most distinguished figures. Colonel McKeown was born and educated in Toronto and, after qualifying as a medical man, became a member of the staff of Saint Michael's Hospital, the second largest institution of the kind in the city—conducted by the nuns of Saint Joseph. Here he rose to be chief of the surgical staff, and was appointed an assistant professor of clinical surgery in the university. When the war broke out, he was engaged in one of the largest, if not the largest, operative practices in the city but, without hesitation, he threw up a very lucrative connection, and joined the medical staff of the Canadian contingent. He was president of the Standing Medical Board at Folkestone, and commanding officer of the Kitchener hospital at Brighton during the entire course of the conflict. At its close, he received the distinction of C. B. E. His position among his medical brethren is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he was, at the time of his death, president of the Ontario Academy of Medicine—their highest distinction.

THE remarkable stone circle at Stonehenge in Wiltshire, England, has for centuries excited interest. There has been much debate as to its period, and the late Sir Norman Lockyer from astronomical observations—for it is probable that it was a solar observatory and temple—provisionally fixed the date at 1300 B. C., with a possible plus or minus error of 200 years. Professor Boyd Dawkins has discovered in the course of recent excavations around the monolith, a number of beads obviously of Egyptian origin, and dating from the time of Iknaten, the heretic Pharoah who was the father-in-law of Tutankhamen. This would set the date of these beads at 1360 B. C., which is near the date arrived at by Lockyer for the monument in Wiltshire. The school which tries today to trace all civilization to Egypt, will seize on this discovery as evidence in favor of their belief.

SHAKY LADDERS

MR. CASAUBON, the tiresome husband of Dorothea, in George Eliot's now half-forgotten novel, Middlemarch, was intent on a work which was to be a "key to all the mythologies," when death put an end to his labors. He is not the only one who has spent his life in vain quest of some key which will unlock all the doors of knowledge and bring unity out of diversity. Such a key, so many thought, had been discovered when the epoch-making work of Darwin aroused the world to the consideration of what then came to be called evolution. It was so easy and pleasant, not to say amusing, to construct series, or staircases, showing how certain things had gradually climbed up to what they now are, that a large part of the biological world was soon as busy with this pursuit as people are now over cross word puzzles.

One of the main delights of this pastime was that there was no one to check the player up, for no one could say whether his idea was, or was not, accurate. So the game went merrily on, until Du Bois Reymond (who died in 1896 after it had been running for nearly forty years) wrote that the schemes evolved by scientific ingenuity had "about as much scientific value as the pedigrees of the heroes of Homer."

These operations were at first confined to biological fields; this was natural, considering the character of Darwin's work. But soon they began to extend themselves into other pastures, and very early, into the adjacent meadows of ethnology—a young science which was only just beginning to be seriously prosecuted when Darwin introduced evolution. Tylor's Primitive Culture, a great book and one that will always remain so, was the path-making work, but it was affected by the spirit of its age and tried to explain the existence of various cultures on evolutionary lines. Thus the celebrated animistic theory of the origin of religion came to the fore. Man began as atheistic, or rather, to put it less ambiguously, absolutely devoid of any idea of God. How did he arrive at that idea? There is laid before us in reply a beautiful evolutionary ladder, beginning with the idea that some spirit animates each object, and working upwards as a perfect staircase to monotheism.

Tylor did not know a tithe of what we now know as to the customs and ideas of so-called primitive men. The modern historical school of ethnologists—chiefly due to workers like Wissler and Goldenweiser, and others in the United States—working along the only rational lines (those of historical research) has completely put this scheme out of court.

In the field of chemistry, the "ladder" was no less the fashion, and one which theorists are slow to abandon. Of late, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborne has been stating that "in chemistry and physics the evolution of the chemical elements has been recently demonstrated." But has it? Let us examine this

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statement a little carefully, for it seems to clash with one also recently made by Professor Millikan, of Chicago—a very distinguished physicist and the recipient of a Nobel prize. He says—"the pathetic thing is that we have scientists who are trying to prove evolution, which no scientist can prove." There, doubtless, he follows in the line of those who would agree with Loeb, that until some scientific man has developed a new species from an old one, evolution must remain an unproved theory. Clearly Osborne and Millikan are talking about different things. The confusion arises from that loose employment of terms which is one of the cardinal sins of modern scientific writing—due unquestionably to the lack of any kind of philosophical training on the part of at least 99 percent of men of science. Millikan is talking of evolution as we know it, as a subject of debate at Dayton and elsewhere. But Osborne is talking merely about "change;" and "change," though it may be brought about by evolution, is by no means "evolution."

What is the technical sense of that term? To most, it clearly means an advance from a simpler to a more complicated form and, what is more, it is irreversible; for though there is such a thing as degeneration, that is not the passage—say—of a vertebrate back to an invertebrate. All evolution is conceived as working up from the single cell through the multiple; the invertebrate, the vertebrate, to man.

We are not concerned with the accuracy of this classical idea, but are merely setting down what it is in the estimation of today. In this sense, there is no such thing as proved evolution in the physical world. There is a certain change, or series of changes, which doubtless Osborne alludes to, but they have no parity with what is ordinarily meant by evolution.

From 1661, when Richard Boyle published his Skeptical Chymist, down to a very recent date, it was believed that there were a number of substances—generally estimated at about eighty—called "elements" which were, ab initio, and aboslutely incapable of change. We now know that that is incorrect, and that these things can and do change, and even that—at present in a very, very limited manner—we can change them from one thing into another. Further, we know that the differences between their atoms consist in the numbers of charges of electricity which they contain as their nuclei. The electrons rotate inside the atom like "flies in a great cathedral," says Sir Oliver Lodge; and as the scientist has "to fire into the brown," he must very frequently miss. But he hits, at times, and when he does knock an electron out, he changes the element. But to the one below, not the one above—change, *not* evolution.

The moral of it all is that there is a lot of very loose talk about "evolution," and that the theory which really corresponds to that term in the minds of scientific men, is by no means a key which will enter the lock which, at present, guards this scientific problem.

INCHES OR METRES?

THE opponents of the adoption in the United States of the metric system of weights and measures have enlisted the championship of Mr. Henry Ford's redoubtable Dearborn Independent; and in the issue for August 15, under the significant title, The Metric System Means Muddle, a writer asks—"Should we upset things industrial and domestic by substituting alien methods for American?"

No doubt the same resort of this form of Americanism will recur to the minds of those not very old people who heard in their youth the peddlers in the streets of New York still shouting their merchandise at a shilling a peck, to show that a custom in trade dies hard.

"We are on the inch basis," continues the writer in the Dearborn Independent, "have won the manufacturing supremacy of the world on the inch basis, and yet we have been actually endangered by the metric proposal which arose out of academic politics and has no part in the manufacturing growth of America."

The same sort of argument is alleged in favor of the currency of pounds, shillings and pence, which constitutes a positive nuisance in the money affairs of the world today. It has no significance aside from British tradition, and the difficulties of a monetary change are hardly an adequate excuse for its perpetuation. One feels inclined to believe that the Dearborn Independent writer would have a hard time to show that in America the metric system was altogether alien; certainly the founders of our country do not seem to have thought so when they established the decimal basis.

An American traveler abroad once remarked that when he was in Europe he never knew how far away he was from any place, how heavy anything weighed, how large anything was, or what the thermometer recorded. To ignore the feelings and intelligence of the rest of the world, and to cast reflections on the opinions of professional people at home, smacks of an insularity and provincialism that will not deserve very much consideration from the thoughtful.

A similar instance of dogged opposition followed the proclamation of Pope Gregory in 1582, making a much needed reform in the calendar of the year. The monarchies of the continent immediately adopted it, but it took the British 149 years before the Calendar Amendment Act—Lord Chesterfield's act—was passed in 1751, establishing "the new style" in place of the calendar of Julius Caesar. It is only within the last ten years that Russia and Greece, as a sort of consequence to their revolutions, have accepted this obviously modern computation of the year.

We can realize that "as to the American machine shop—the cost of establishing the metric system there, is beyond computation." It will not be necessary to throw out the old machines, but gradually to provide new ones, measuring in a way that will not cause a blush to Americans faced with the practical and simple metric systems of the greater part of the world.

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FRENCH CATHOLICS AND GERMANY

By ERNEST DIMNET

TEN days ago, a delegation of seventy-five Germans attended the Socialist convention in Marseilles; even more recently no less a personage than Herr Loebe, president of the Reichstag, was appearing at a peace congress in as conspicuous a place as the Sorbonne.

The importance of such a symptom can hardly be overrated. Americans will best realize it by trying to visualize their Secretary of State acting the same part in the Aula Maxima of Mexico, or Tokio University. Yet, not quite seven years have elapsed since the signing of the Armistice, and barely six since the German plenipotentiaries left Versailles. Undoubtedly the enlightened section of public opinion in France has moved toward peace with a rapidity not anticipated.

Some ardent, but not altogether wise, lovers of peace seem to think this is not enough. Every now and then, we hear from over the Alps or from over the seas an unexpected "euge!"—to be quick about it and be friends—real friends—at once, with Germany. Such sentimental outbursts have their usefulness and ought not to be discouraged, but they invite a few remarks. Many people do not realize that there are in Germany some forty million citizens who would receive the French, or Polish, or Czecho-Slovakian embrace tepidly unless it was preceded by territorial modifications very nearly equivalent to the retrocession of Texas to Mexico. On the other hand, the French are logical people, and it is illogical to expect them to forget what was said with great emphasis, on the subject of Germany only a few years ago, by the very same press which now seems impatient of any delay in international reconciliation. Sentiment changes slowly, modified by an intellectual adaptation first.

Anybody who has lived in France long enough to feel the pulse of the country must realize that, even in the devastated regions (where this article is written) there is not enough anti-German feeling to produce the mildest stanza in the shortest Hymn of Hate. People have been busy rebuilding, and the new aspect of their surroundings keeps their imagination from brooding over the past. Besides, one ought never to forget the great fact that the quarrel of France with Germany has been settled by the return of Alsace and Lorraine. The malaise which still subsists is fear of Germany, rather than antipathy, and will not be dispelled so long as Germany repines about her so-called grievances on the Rhine, in Silesia, in maritime Poland, in Bohemia, or in upper Italy, and wants the "auschluss" of Austria in the name of a greater Germany. It takes rather silly optimism not to see that such repining is a perpetual danger of war.

Neither are political affairs in Germany just now of a nature to create a sanguine mood. Optimists have made up their minds that the election of Hindenburg and the presence of 80 percent of monarchists in the Reichwehr or in the German bureaucracy, do not signify. But logical minds think otherwise, and among these logical minds must appear first and foremost ex-Chancellor Wirth, who will soon be in America to testify that his secession from his own party, the Catholic Centrum, was caused by the same fear of German nationalism which keeps the French anxious. He is a true Christian and a gentleman. What a man in his position will say will carry more weight than what I am writing, but the import of his testimony will be the same. The French feel misgivings at the prospect of embarking on what Ambassador Houghton cheerfully describes as "an adventure in faith."

But fear will vanish if the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations results, not in another diplomatic success nullifying the French agreement with Poland and the Petite Entente, but in territorial stabilization, which a daily growing section of French opinion would recognize by agreeing to the restoration of a colonial mandate to Germany. Once fear is gone, inevitable economic agreements will pave the way for amity. It will not be the first French experience of that kind. People too often forget that the empire of Germany, which was the historic foe of France, was not the Germany of today, but the polyglot Holy Empire which Austria dominated. The old word, Allemagne, held a suggestion of sympathy. Even as late as the reign of Napoleon III, German sympathies were more than noticeable—they were exaggerated. Biarritz was the seaside resort of the German aristocracy, and Bismarck, then secretary at the Paris embassy, was a lion. It was only when Prussia's hegemony was felt through Germany, Austria and Hungary, that the picture changed. There are, in America, enough German families which preferred emigration to Prussian militarism, or to the Prussian kulturkampf, to make the distinction between Prussian and German familiar in the United States.

It is natural that the longest strides towards a rapprochement between France and Germany should be made, on the one side, between the Socialists and internationalists of both countries; and on the other, between the Catholics of northern France and those of the Rhine countries, whose memories of persecution at the hands of Bismarck, and ever actual irritation at the presence of Prussian officials (still partly regarded as aliens) prepare them for a better understanding of the French state of mind. Before the war, meetings on the religious terrain were frequent. There were Eucharistic congresses, and the Congrès Scientifiques

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Catholiques, discontinued too soon; as well as constant exchanges between the Paris and Cologne champions of Leo XIII's social ideas. German pilgrimages to Lourdes, or Paray-le-Monial, seemed entirely natural. So it was comparatively easy for M. Marc Sangnier to revisit Germany as shortly after the war as 1922, and the year after, to defend in the Chamber a policy of rapprochement. Soon the same politicians will meet a number of Germans at a convention in Luxembourg, while the well-known Caritas Verband, in Freiburg-im-Brisgau, is sending invitations to many Frenchmen to attend a similar meeting in October.

These may be regarded as isolated and incidental manifestations. But several permanent organizations besides Pax and Prince Ghika's association, imply a resolute intellectual effort in the direction of peace. Before the war an earnest industrialist, M. Vanderpol, had founded in that most earnest of French towns, Lyons (which saw the birth of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith) a Société Gratry or Ligue des Catholiques pour la Paix, which was revived in Paris in 1921, under the name of Ligue des Catholiques Français pour la Justice Internationale. This league is closely connected and practically affiliated with the Institut de Droit International at Louvain, and with the Union Catholique d'Etudes Internationales, founded at Fribourg, Switzerland, in 1917, while the war was at its tensest. Its two most active members, Monsignor Beaupin and Father R. P. de la Brière, S.J., are now in Geneva where their presence at the meetings of the League of Nations is officially recognized. In fact, their effort is not so much to bring about individual contact between French and German Catholics, as to promote a constant collaboration between the League and the Church, which means Catholic internationalism in itself. A glance at P. de la Brière's recent volume on L'Organisation Internationale du Monde et la Papauté (Paris: Spes.) shows how much has already been accomplished by mere insistence on a principle which, it is true, ought to appear with dazzling clarity.

The members of the Ligue des Catholiques Français are therefore not pacifists of the ordinary description. The very title of a small magazine they publish, Justice et Paix, shows that their point of view is different from that of the Duc de Broglie, and more nearly related to that frequently expressed by Cardinal Mercier—"Justice first"—but their intellectualism is international and Catholic.

These may seem humble beginnings and, in spite of the brilliance of the men who are responsible for them, they have not even a commencement of popularity. It would be as impossible for the French hierarchy to advise a universal Catholic rapprochement of their flocks with the Rhinelanders, even, as it might be for the American bishops to recommend the League of Nations. But readers of history know how easy it is for a slogan, bred of mere speculative study, to make its way through the masses the moment outward circumstances become favorable. Let the multitudinous little business agreements between French and German industrialists solidify into the combination which everybody foresees—and in a few months, perhaps in a few weeks, the atmosphere will clear.

OUR DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

ONE of the great morning papers not long ago announced that the appointment of new ministers to certain Central American countries "from the lower ranks . . . signifies much;" that the President thereby showed "his desire to make our diplomatic service a career;" that "Bryan's looting of the service for the benefit of deserving Democrats interrupted a process of promotion begun by Roosevelt, and considerably injured our standing in the South American countries . . . etc."

The American diplomatic service is a closed book to most of us, but one expects of editors some part of that omniscience (if only a very small part) which they affect with such solemn assurance.

We have, in general, an impression that the service is a rich man's service, and that those who are in it who are not men of wealth are there for political services, or, because, if young, they are not quite fit for the great game of business. It is all quite apart from our daily lives—even more than the navy and the army, which we can see. There is much truth in all this, as there generally is much truth in the shrewd judgments formed around the post-office stove.

It is still a rich man's service in the command ranks, though the Rogers Act has made it possible to live more comfortably in the lower ranks, and affords security if one does not aspire to the top. The principal offices are still open to "untrained" men—and should be. It is lamentably true that long service in diplomacy is completely unfitting for a business life, though the American diplomat is incomplete without a basic knowledge of business and contact with the mentality of American business men. In the natural course of things, career-diplomats become insensibly detached from the realities of the national lives they represent. Under our system, prevailing until recent years, young men were appointed to specific posts not interchangeable. Of late, interchange has been possible without the traditional red tape. Nevertheless, long residence abroad loosens home contacts, and even the fortunate

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few who revolve between the choice foreign capitals and the State Department, cannot wholly escape the deadening tendency to the bureaucratic trend of mind, characteristic of the water-tight compartments of that great office. Even the administrative genius of Elihu Root, fresh from the reorganization of the War Department, failed to affect the self-sufficiency of the Department of State, and wisely gave up the attempt.

When the United States began to treat with European nations, we chose men of ideal diplomatic training. Benjamin Franklin is often referred to as a bright example of the homely, untrained American, more than holding his own with the bejeweled, shrewd, unscrupulous, highly cultured diplomats of the old world. As a matter of fact, we have not had in our foreign service a man more fully and completely trained in the fundamentals of diplomacy than Franklin. He had lived our business life; he was a man of science; he was more broadly educated than is usual among Americans of today and of wider culture; he had taken creative part in the building of our government and our nation; he was thoroughly at home in statecraft; and in his day men of his kind were more familiar with world conditions than in our day of cable and radio, because they understood world conditions and could assign such news as came to them to its proper relation to facts—a function apparently beyond the capacity of modern editors.

A diplomatic agent, such as Franklin, was the equal of the President who sent him, and of the Secretary of State with whom he coöperated and whom he advised. He was superior to most European career-diplomats, and we had men of his type in all our important posts. Such men are rarely available today, except in emergencies, but we still have them and the doors of diplomacy should never be closed to them by any well-intentioned over-crystallization of the foreign service.

As our relations extended to other countries than those immediately concerned in the settlement of our country and in the Revolution, it became necessary to send out resident agents of the government. In so doing we accepted necessarily the rules of diplomatic precedence and procedure laid down for the proper administration of international law, by the Congress of Vienna after the defeat of Napoleon and the reconstruction of Europe by the allied emperors and kings. (Be it noted that in this reconstruction, the allies punished Napoleon, not France, though French troops had wasted Europe.) We accepted, also, conformity to the rules laid down by the courts to which our men were accredited, and we were obliged to do so, unless we wished to isolate our men and render them utterly useless. It was part of European court diplomacy to live on a great scale, to show by gorgeous display the wealth and power of the ambassador's royal master.

Our slender means and our theoretical republican simplicity, clashed with this custom, and insensibly those Americans were drawn into the growing service who were able to meet this condition out of private means. This condition still prevails. Fortunately in most cases, the wealth of our representatives was not inherited, but accumulated by personal effort; so that the very qualities which had made them successful at home made them also eminently successful in their foreign activities. On the whole America has never suffered in her representation, for the average has been high; while in a professional service the average is generally mediocre.

In every capital there were many little local usages, important only inasmuch as they facilitated business, to which new agents were necessarily strange. In the course of time it became plain that to change the entire staff with every ambassador or minister was wasteful and hampering; the new chief must always have somebody familiar with current events and local usage. So, more and more, the secretaries of embassy and legation were left at their posts. There were still drawbacks, however, to this arrangement. Living in foreign countries, with rare visits to the United States, soaked in the atmosphere of courts, many of our younger diplomats grew apart from American life, were often more than a little ashamed of its "plebeian" character; the more or less permanent professional staff blushed on general principles for its amateur chief. Very strained were the relations between the career-diplomats and the consular service men of the same origins, whose duty lay in the promotion of trade relations rather than in acquiring for our government what benefit might be derived from court relations.

This anomaly is at last rectified by the Rogers Act. The diplomatic secretaries and the consular service are merged into one Foreign Service, as they should have been (in the opinion of some older diplomats) twenty years ago. It is, however, not a new move, nor a new idea, nor is it true that it originated with President Roosevelt.

The need for a highly trained secretariat has been evident to most of our Secretaries of State since earliest times. The problem has been to give the necessary training without so crystallizing the service as to remove it completely from the American life it is supposed to represent; it seemed perhaps better that men should be raw and awkward than that they should be well skilled in the arts of European diplomacy but out of tune with America. James G. Blaine, a man of vigorous mind, had well defined opinions on the subject. Grover Cleveland and Richard Olney initiated a carefully considered plan which was wiped out under the McKinley administration and reconstituted only in part by Roosevelt.

Mr. Cleveland's idea is now partly embodied in the Rogers Act. He saw the difficulties of the man trained wholly in America and the dangers of appointing to responsible rank a man who had spent his whole life abroad. He believed (and he was right) that diplomats would profit greatly by training first in the con-

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sular branch. With Mr. Olney's choice of aspirants, he began a system of appointing first to the Far Eastern posts and to those of the Latin American Pacific coast, in the belief that in the general scramble for spheres of influence, the Pacific was of vital importance in the training of American diplomats. These young men were to familiarize themselves with the problems of the Pacific, each specializing. The best of these were then to be brought home to Washington and trained in the routine duties of the State Department, utilizing this period for special studies in courses necessary to their profession, such as law, economics, history—above all, American diplomatic history. Only after satisfactory progress under the supervision and guidance of the department, and when immunized to the subtle influences of European court environment, might they be appointed to the European posts. After European service, a further term of service was to follow as heads of bureaus in the department before promotion from the ranks to be chiefs of missions. None of these objectives was realized. Only one of Cleveland's appointees has reached the rank of ambassador. The first to reach minister (the youngest ever promoted to that grade) was unable to carry the expense of an ambassadorship and was forced out.

Bryan's so-called "looting of the service for deserving Democrats" is neither strictly true nor important. Nor were his appointees particularly harmful or glaringly incompetent. It is desirable that chiefs of mission should correspond in their general trend of political thought to that of the chief of state. Obviously, men have found their way into diplomacy, as they do into every branch of democratic government, who have been entirely unfit for their duties. They have not been exclusively deserving Democrats. Roosevelt was very open to the same charge; membership in the Rough Riders was a certain key to promotion and protection; and McKinley's favoritism was notorious. But the American diplomatic service is not singular in its mixture of competence and mediocrity. No European service is free of misfits.

Until the passage of the Rogers bill into law, the foreign service of the United States consisted of four antagonistic parts; the career-diplomats, the "outsiders," the consular service, and the departmental service—hostile to each other and often obstructive, ruled by cliques and political and social influence.

The Rogers Act, by amalgamating the career-diplomats and the consular service in one Foreign Service corps, has done a positive good by forcing the "diplomats" under the advantage of the sound American training the consular branch has enjoyed during the years it has stood under the guidance of Mr. Wilbur Carr, whose patient efforts have made it second to none. The act has not fused the Foreign Service with the departmental service, and until that is done efficiency will never be complete. Beyond that point, the crystallization of the service should not go. The new law provides a secretariat from which ministers and ambassadors may be drawn. It should never provide for a service closed in the responsible ranks to "outsiders." Perhaps there should even be always a slight majority of outsiders. Under our loose system, the service has often been run by cliques of men whose wealth ensures their own permanency and sufficient influence to advance or exclude others from promotion. Even this evil, however, is better than a service so ordered (as in several European countries) that one has but to sit very small and still and wait for the shoes of the next higher man. At least our cliques have been made up of good, if not brilliant, men, and if they have spun about themselves a cocoon of security in office, they have also done excellent work. But the security should never be absolute. The President should frequently use his power to draw in new blood at the top, lest lack of competition infect the fabric with dry rot.

THE STORY OF VADSTENA

By CHARLES GRENVILLE WILSON

AS THE boat glides from the turquoise waters of Lake Vattern and comes to rest in the old moat at Vadstena, the shadow of the past falls upon you and envelops your fancy as does a fog envelop a ship at sea. Just across the narrow moat, and between the ship and the sun, rises the beautiful castle the great Gustavus Vasa, built nearly three hundred and seventy-five years ago. The king who built it, those who added to it, have long since gone, still the old palace lies, its blind windows brooding out over the beauty of the lake and the tenuous Swedish landscape beyond, like an old man brooding over the cherished, happy days of his dead youth.

Spirits walk by night in Vadstena's quaint, old cobbled streets, and within the castle's walls; Gustavus Vasa paces the castle's corridors, his fingers tugging at his tawny beard, his eyes gleaming with the driving force of his burning will, his shapely body bowed with the weight of a nation's destiny. In the moonlit courtyard under the ancient rustling elms walks the fair young Catherine, the queen whom Vasa took to himself in Vadstena Castle when she was but sixteen years of age, and her beauty a thing renowned throughout the land. On the ramparts, the sturdy dalesmen in chain and mail walk their posts, every nerve alert to guard the king who so daringly snatched Swedish liberty from the assaults of the outlanders.

An arrow's flight from the castle rises the square

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bulk and delicate spire of the Cloister Church whose founding goes back a century and a half before the great Gustavus was born. Here in the orchard-garden of the monastery where once the monks toiled, in the cloisters where centuries ago prayerful nuns "kept the noiseless tenor of their way," the sweet, benign spirit of the Holy Bridget walks abroad.

No common child was this Birgitta (to give her her Swedish name) daughter of Birger Persson, governor of Uppland. Until she was four, she was dumb, no sound came from her lips. Then suddenly she broke out into the full, sound speech of an adult. At the age of eight, she had visions of Our Lady and of Jesus crucified and the Passion was graven deep in her heart, making her character grave, sweet and sad. Before she was fourteen, she married Ulf, Prince of Nercia.

By her saintly life, Birgitta gained great religious influence over her husband and together they lived devoutly. During the years, eight children were born to them, the fifth of whom was destined to become abbess of Vadstena, and later to be canonized as Saint Catherine. In middle life, Birgitta and Ulf made a pilgrimage to Compostella, and a few years after their return, Ulf died in the Cistercian monastery of Alvastra.

Birgitta at once disposed of her worldly property, arranged for the care of her children, and asked the prior of Alvastra for a cell wherein she might live a life of prayer and penance until God's will might be made plainly manifest to her. For two years she lived thus, fasting four days a week, and during this time she had the revelations which were translated into Latin by Mathias, canon of Linkoping and the good prior of Alvastra, and which became the spiritual guide of so many during the middle-ages.

In one of these revelations, Jesus said to her—"I have taught thee three things by which thou mayest know the Good Spirit—to honor God, thy Maker; to hold the right Faith; to believe nothing exists, or can exist, but by God; to practise a prudent abstinence in all created things."

After a severe breakdown caused by her relentless fasting, Jesus made known to the saint the great work of her life—the foundation of a new religious order, the rule of which He dictated Himself. The Savior told her to journey to Vadstena and when she had arrived there, He showed her the site He had chosen and the plans of the cloister in most minute detail. At once Birgitta began work on the raising of the church and buildings. During this time, the rule and breviary of the order, as well as the dress, were divinely revealed to her. With the work under way, Birgitta went to Rome to obtain from the Pope confirmation of her order. These were troublous times in the Eternal City, the Pope had removed to Avignon, and for twenty years Birgitta waited, leading a holy life, making herself beloved by all people and praying for the Pope to come back to Rome. In 1370, she received confirmation of the foundation of the Order of Saint Savior, or Bridgettines, at Vadstena.

In 1373, worn by a life of rigorous sacrifice and wasted by the hardships of a recent pilgrimage to Jerusalem, she died, and her spirit was claimed by the Savior to Whose service she had devoted her life. In an ironbound casket, which today rests in the saint's cell in the cloister, Swedish pilgrims bore her remains across Carinthia, up through Austria, through the forests of Poland and Prussia, until after crossing the Baltic, they brought them to Vadstena, where today they lie in a shrine in her own church, close by the tomb of her daughter Saint Catherine, the abbess.

"Build my church square and staunch," said Birgitta to the artisans, and today it stands square and staunch as the character of its founder. As you enter, you are at once impressed with the stately simplicity of it. There is no florid decoration, no wealth of detail to detract from the serene character of the edifice and from the significance of the great crucifix that hangs over the altar.

"No things of silver or gold shall be in possession of the monastery; they shall keep to them neither silver, nor gold, nor precious stones, but the Grace of God, with continual study, devout prayer and divine praises," said the Master in His revelations to the saint.

This accounts for the lack of rich treasure. But there are treasures of a kind far richer than silver or gold. There is a statue of Birgitta carved by the monks' hands; there is a wondrous altar brought from Brussels in the sixteenth century; vestments wrought by the nuns' own hands; and statues of the Virgin and Son—all of which have escaped the fierce fires of the Reformation which swept Sweden in the sixteenth century. Richest of all, there is the shrine of the saint herself.

As you go out the door, you will see in the granite wall five small holes and beside them a cross sunken into the stone. It is told in Vadstena of how the saint returned once from heaven to see how her church was faring. She found that it was not placed with the altar exactly facing the west, so she placed the tips of her fingers on the wall and swung the church into line. Then, with her thumb, she scratched the sign of the Cross on the wall as a blessing, and went back to her rest. The holes and the cross are deeply worn and smoothly polished by thousands upon thousands of pilgrims throughout the centuries placing their fingers on the fingerprints the saint left on the rock.

It was most fitting that here in ancient Vadstena, in a little cell-like room through the windows of which drifted the fragrance of the lilacs of an age-old garden, I should meet Erik Ihrfors, a man who in body and spirit is a strong link between Vadstena's colorful past and her prosaic present. I had heard of this old gentleman's great work in preserving for future

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generations the history of the ancient churches of Sweden and the writings of the monks, so I was not surprised to find him in a room hardly as large as a monastic cell, bent over a page on which, in a clear, monkish hand he was writing some sacred history.

Never have I seen a man who has more strongly taken on the characteristics of a study to which he has given his life. His face, through the seventy-nine years he has devoted to deciphering ancient tombstones, tracing scattered wisps of elusive history and translating it into modern language in books now treasured in the archives of the kingdom, has become pale and wrinkled like parchment. The silvery hair grows in a fringe around a bald spot and gives the illusion of its having been cut into a monk's tonsure. So complete was the illusion of a monk that I could imagine the lilacs, whose fragrance assailed my nostrils, grew in some cloister garden outside a cell and that I could hear the good friars chanting their psalms in a nearby chapel.

I sat there for an hour, gripped by the spell of the past this old man cast over me; I asked him how he happened to be a Catholic in a land so strongly Protestant. It seems that his mother was employed in the family of a Swedish nobleman, Count Cronstedt, who with his wife traveled extensively on the continent. During these journeyings, his mother visited the great cathedrals of Europe and the spell of their beauty made a very great impression on her mind. She learned to love their rituals, the rich windows, the magnificent carvings, the glowing colors, until in spirit this simple woman worshipped God in her heart with all the beauty of the Catholic Faith. Her feelings, her stories of what she had seen, exerted a strong influence over her son. When he was but a child, he began to read Catholic books loaned him by a Swedish priest. He had a natural taste and love for history and at an early age began delving deeply into Sweden's past. During his studies, he learned Latin and ancient Swedish and received a commission from the Academy of Belles-Lettres, History and Antiquity, to write up and picture the relics and shrines in the ancient churches of the kingdom. In this pursuit he has spent his life.

In 1885, he met in Gefle, a Catholic priest, a Swedish nobleman by birth, and under his instruction Mr. Ihrfors was received into the Catholic Church. For fifteen years he continued with his work of research; I am told that he has tramped the roads of Sweden for many hundreds of miles from church to church, through Smoland, Oeland, East Gothland, Uppland, Westmanland and Gestrikland, always alone on foot, and has spent countless hours crawling on hands and knees on the stone floors in dark corners deciphering the almost illegible inscriptions on tombs. His work is attested by the fact that in the state archives repose sixteen large books, one of them more than a foot thick, each page of which is written by his own hand, and each of the many careful drawings the work of his pen. In 1900, he came to Vadstena and for the last quarter of a century he has spent his time delving into the ancient provincial records stored in one wing of the castle. During the greater part of this time his salary was $162.00 a year! A short time ago, the state pensioned him off with the great sum of 1,000 kronors, or $270.00 per annum! Although the necessity for work has been removed, for the sum he receives well covers his simple wants, the old gentleman still comes down to the archives each morning impelled by the devotion of a long life.

I bade Erik Ihrfors farewell on the bridge that spans the castle moat. He stood there in the shadow of the ancient gate with the date 1563 carved over the royal arms. His old hand trembled a little as he took mine and there was a dimming of the light in his blue eye. He seemed to be struggling to say something with his own voice I could understand and remember. I shook his hand and turned away. Halfway across the bridge something caused me to look back. In the shadow of the portal Mr. Ihrfors bowed low, his cap in hand. His words floated clearly out over the water.

"Dominus vobiscum!" he called.

Touched by the old man's simplicity, I hurried across the bridge before something should perchance break the spell. As I gained the shore, I looked back for the last time. He had passed out from the shadow of the gate and was crossing the brilliant sunshine of the courtyard to enter the archives to take up his labor of love. I stood for a moment thinking of those words of Kipling—

But each for the joy of working and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it,
For the God of Things as They Are!

Of a Song

O little chant of loveliness,
Oh, slender song,
That falls upon my heart to bless,
That breaks each thong
That bound me, with their witchery
Small song, your hands have set me free.

And she who makes you little song,
To her I give my heart to wear,
To keep or to destroy.
I know she must be like you, fair
And tremulous and strong,
And full of joy.
Song, song,
Go back to her who gave you wings,
And whisper very lovely things—
The things I cannot ever say.
Then tiptoe softly to her, lay
My heart within her quiet hand.
Song, she will understand.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

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THE SERVITOR

By PADRAIC COLUM

BENAIAH, King Solomon's giant captain, spied within the cave where the Servitor of the Lord of Earth had his lair. He saw him lying with his hair in tangles, and all around him were the bones and teeth of dragons. The Servitor did not see King Solomon's giant captain, and Benaiah after he had looked upon him went back to his camp in the high grasses.

He had been commanded by King Solomon to seize Sokar, the Servitor of the Lord of Earth, and to bring him to him—Sokar who had the strength of the storm. For King Solomon would have him bear the stones that were for the building of the Temple. Benaiah had brought with him chains to lay upon the Servitor of the Lord of Earth—chains that even he might not break on account of their being inscribed with the magical names that were known to King Solomon. And now Benaiah, the giant captain, had looked upon him, Sokar, whose strength was the strength of the storm, and he went back to his camp in the high grasses, and he and his comrades whispered together as to what they might do.

In a day, they saw Sokar come forth from that cave that went deep into the earth. He came forth, crouched towards the ground. But even crouched, Sokar had great bulk—and when he stood up he was immensely tall. Huge and earth-colored, the Servitor of the Lord of Earth stood there in the sunset, and was beheld of Benaiah and his comrades. He went to a place, and stooping down, he took water in his joined hands and drank. They saw that Sokar drank out of a cistern that he had made. And having drunk greatly of the snow-water that came down to that cistern, Sokar went back to his cave.

They went to the cistern, Benaiah and the men sent by Solomon, and they looked into it. It was a great cistern, but Sokar had nearly emptied it of the water it held. When they went back again to their camp in the high grasses, they made up a plan by which Sokar, the Servitor of the Lord of Earth, might be taken.

They dug beneath the cistern and they drained off the water that was in it, and they turned away from it the course of the water that came down from the snow of the mountain. They stopped up the hole they had made with a pack of wool. And then they filled up the cistern with wine from their wine-skins, and they went back to their camp in the high grasses.

And Sokar came forth upon another day. He came forth holding in his hand the mid-bone of a dragon for a staff, and he went to the cistern he had made. But coming to it he smelled, not the clear smell of snow-water, but the smell of wine. Then Sokar, fearing that a trap had been set for him, went back to his cave. In a while he came forth again. Leaving the staff that was the mid-bone of a dragon against the cistern, he dipped in his hand, and he drank the wine he had taken up in his hand. He dipped his joined hands in and raised them to his mouth. And then, until the sunset came, he stayed there drinking the wine that he lifted to his mouth with his joined hands. They heard his shouts of exultation as the wine went through his veins. He whirled in his hands the staff that was the mid-bone of a dragon. And then he lay down upon the earth, overcome with the wine he had drunk.

Then Benaiah, the giant captain, and his comrades, went to where Sokar was lying in his stupor. They put the heavy chains upon him—the chains that were inscribed with the magical names that King Solomon knew.

When he awakened from his stupor Sokar, the Servitor of the Lord of Earth, found himself weighed down with chains. His strength, that was the strength of a storm, failed him when he tried to break the chains. And when Benaiah laid against his bones a link that had a magic name inscribed upon it, he shouted out in pain and terror. Benaiah made the Servitor of the Lord of Earth go with him towards the city of King Solomon. He raged, and sometimes in his rages he broke down trees and buildings with his kicks.

And as soon as Sokar was brought before King Solomon, he uttered a cry so shrill that the earth quaked to it. But Solomon made him gaze upon his ring, and when he had gazed upon it, Sokar, the Servitor of the Lord of Earth, knew that Solomon would have to be obeyed.

Then Solomon sent him to fetch stones for the building of the Temple. This he did, fetching them down from a far mountain. It was then that an angel of God told Solomon that on the stones that were for the building of the Temple, no tool of iron was to be used.

For iron was used in weapons that were for the killing of men, and for that reason iron might not be used in the making of the Temple that was as a sign of peace between God and mankind. But how, without the iron chisel and the iron sledge, might stones be cut so that they would fit together? King Solomon brought his wise men together and he asked this question of them.

It was then that his wise men spoke to King Solomon, telling him of samur. Samur, they told him, is a living substance of about the size of a barleycorn—laid upon a stone or upon anything harder than stone, it cuts its way through. Solomon, since he might not use iron to shape the stones for his temple, resolved to use samur. Samur, his wise men told him, was the possession of him who is called the Lord of Earth. When he heard this, Solomon pondered in his heart. It might be, he thought, that the Servitor of the Lord of Earth who fetched the stones for the Temple, would

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be able to tell him how he might obtain the substance that would shape the stones.

So once again Sokar was brought before King Solomon. And Solomon told him that a term would be put to his labors, and that a day would come when he would be freed, if he would tell how to obtain samur.

Then Sokar, that one day he might be free from the labor of carrying stones for the building of the Temple, told King Solomon how the substance samur might be obtained. The Lord of Earth had entrusted samur to a bird—to the moor-hen. She went upon the high mountains with it, laying the substance upon the rocks, so that they were split open, and seeds that the winds and the birds carried might grow in the openings. And the moor-hen had sworn to the Lord of Earth that she would never let men have samur.

Again Solomon pondered, and he thought upon a way by which the moor-hen might be forced to give the substance samur to his men. He called upon Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, and he sent him upon this other quest, telling him how, to his mind, the moor-hen might be forced to let samur pass into the possession of men.

Benaiah went up into the mountains. And, finding the nest of the moor-hen, he covered it all over with glass. The moor-hen came back to the nest. Her little ones raised their heads to her. She tried to feed them, but she could not bring food to their mouths on account of the cunning substance that men had made and that Benaiah had placed between her and her nest. She tried again and again, but she could not reach to her young ones who held up their mouths behind the sheet of glass. Then the moor-hen said to herself—"Am I not Naggar Tura, the mountain-carver? I will go and bring samur to this substance that shuts off my young ones from me, and I will split it as I split the rocks of the mountain."

She hurried away, and Benaiah watched her nest. She returned and she laid something down upon the sheet of glass that covered the nest. Then Benaiah raised a great shout, and the moor-hen, frightened, fled. He ran to the nest and found a substance laid upon the glass that was cutting into the glass. This was samur, the substance that was the size of a barley-corn and that cut through substances that iron could not cut through. Benaiah took it within the beak of one of the little moor-hens and brought it to King Solomon. And the moor-hen, despairing at having broken her oath to the Lord of Earth, slew herself at the bottom of the mountain.

So samur was brought to King Solomon. And the stones that were fetched by Sokar were shaped by the cutting made by this substance, and no iron was used upon them. And then, as the Temple was almost finished Solomon, the king, died.

He died within the Temple, and he died standing there as he stood overlooking the work. But it was granted to Solomon that for a while Sokar would not know that he was dead. He leaned upon his staff, and his staff supported him even though he was dead, and the ring with the bright stone in it still shone upon his finger. Sokar went on working and not knowing that he who commanded him was no longer in life. Furiously and still more furiously he worked, raising greater and greater stones. And then, on the fourth day, the ants, who are also the servants of the Lord of Earth, came upon the floor of the Temple, and climbed up upon the staff that held dead Solomon upright, and ate into the staff; it became hollow and broke, and the dead king fell stiffly upon the floor of the Temple.

Now at this time, the Temple was all but built, and only a few stones remained to be put upon it. Sokar, seeing the king prone upon the ground, let fall the stone he was carrying. He rushed out of the Temple. He shouted as he went through Solomon's city, making his way to his cavern in the earth. And the people of Solomon's city hid themselves as they heard the noise of his shouting that was like the noise of the storm. As he went on he kicked over the great trees and high buildings with his feet. In one of his rages he came before the little house of a poor widow—she begged of him that he would not destroy her house. But Sokar, laughing, kicked it over. Then he fell and broke his leg. He won back to his cavern. But ever since that time, Sokar goes lamely, with two sticks in his hands to help him along.

From Valerius Aedituus

dicere quum conor curam tibi, Pamphila, cordis:
quid mi abs te quaeram? uerba labris abeunt,
per pectus miserum manat subido mihi sudor.
sic tacitus, subidus: duplo ideo pereo.

Pamphila, when I try to tell you the love that I bear you—
What is the use when you're gone? Words will not come to my lips.
But sweat seeps through my heart, unhappy and burning with passion.
So, being silent, I burn—doubly, therefore, I die.

quid faculum praefers, Phileros, qua nil opus nobis?
ibimus, hoc lucet pectore flamina satis.
istam non potis est uis saeua exstinguere uenti,
aut imber caelo candidus praecipitans.
at contra hunc ignem Veneris, nisi si Venus ipsa,
nullast quae possit uis alia opprimere.

Phileros, why do you bear this torch? You and I do not need one.
Come, for the flame which now burns in our heart is enough.
Even the wild wailing wind is unable this light to extinguish,
Even the white sudden rain, showering down from the sky.
This is the fire of love—no force except Venus, its goddess,
Ever can make it go out—ever can drown its light.

Translation of JOHN SHERRY MANGAN.

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A FRENCH VIEW OF SPORTS

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

M. HENRI DE MONTHERLANT, a young man who a few years ago had the unusual fortune to find his first work, La Relève du Matin, crowned by the French Academy, has dedicated to the subject of sport, two remarkable works, Le Paradis à l'Ombre des Epées, and L'Adieu aux Jeux, and has promised a third on the same theme, to appear in 1928. Himself an athlete as well as a poet, in these volumes of essays he writes of the charm of track and football with a personal feeling sometimes rising to almost Pindaric ecstasy, and a moral earnestness that is often almost priestly. One is amazed, somewhat self-ashamed, and not a little disconcerted to find a subject that is treated so lightly by us suddenly raised to the dignity of a philosophy. It is much as if we should discover that all the while, unknowing, we had been reading a sacred scripture in our morning paper.

In a section on the morality of sport, M. de Montherlant outlines the ethical principles which he believes to be involved. Sport sets up an ideal of power serving an ideal of quality; not that might makes right, but that might makes right prevail—the two really merging into one, as courage, austerity, the nobility that accepts discipline and its own, perhaps lowly, place in a hierarchy—these are both intrinsic virtues and also the means of victory. Sport teaches a respect for that which is, instead of that which appears; for strength instead of weakness; for reason instead of sentiment. It recognizes talent as an end in itself. It glorifies the body as distinguished from the flesh. In all ways it is the foe of anarchy, disorganization, dissolution.

In this list, one is more impressed with what is omitted than with what is included. The value of play as play is not mentioned. This is not accidental. There is no light-heartedness, no sense of relaxation or free exercise in the athletes of M. de Montherlant. They take themselves with terrible seriousness. A failure is to them a tragedy. Often he succeeds in making his reader share, for a moment, the intensity of this passion. As when he thus describes his own defeat by his young friend, Jacques Peyrony, a lad of fifteen—

"The space between us increased and seemed a monstrous distance equal to all the distances upon earth, something which must be overcome and which cannot be overcome. And this space was an image of the gulf which widens between the stronger and the weaker, and my wounded heart made my course heavy and I ran after the fugitive as one runs after happiness."

Or, in the description of the last race of Mademoiselle de Plemeur, a former champion who has been beaten and who now, out of condition and desperate, is trying in a practice race to lower her old record.

"She ran, with a grace which no one saw, for a goal which interested no one; striving to surpass herself—and perhaps never again—she ran in a divine horror as if age and sad time were running savagely behind her."

Anon the beauty will fade out in a passage of sheer absurdity, where his trackmen and trackwomen will discuss for hours their likeness to Castor and Pollux, Hercules, or the Amazons. Unfortunately, they persuade each other more easily than they do us. The Greeks carried the amateur spirit into athletics just as they carried it into war or philosophy. They were the amateurs par excellence of history. But there is nothing of the amateur in these French athletes. Whether paid or not, they are highly respectable professionals or rather tradesmen, conscious of the dignity of their calling. Every night they go over their bodies to see that no precious muscle or tendon has been injured, much as a grocer or hardware-dealer might go over his stock. While regarding themselves as a select group at war with bourgeois ideals, they worship with a deadly earnestness, the bourgeois ideal of outward success. Professionalism, the last and lowest stage of Anglo-Saxon sport seems to be the first stage of "le sport."

M. de Montherlant's attempts to generalize further the philosophy of sport and link it up with a philosophy of history are even less happy. Like other writers before him, he reduces the course of European history to the working-out of two principles, a feminine Asiatic principle and a strictly European, or masculine principle. This is, of course, merely a new version of Nietzsche's conflict between slave morality and master morality. In a sufficiently amazing section, M. de Montherlant traces to the feminine influence, which is mystical, dualistic, and neglectful of the body, such historical phenomena as "Alexandrianism, Messiahism, Christianity, Byzantianism, the Reformation, the concepts of liberty and progress, the French Revolution, romanticism, humanitarianism and its by-products (liberalism, cosmopolitanism, pacifism) and finally Bolshevism." From the masculine principle which asserts a union of nature and reason, the body and the soul, have come "the Roman Empire, Roman Catholicism, the renaissance, the concepts of tradition and authority, classicism, the various nationalisms, material and moral conservatism"—and, of course, sport.

The boldness of such a simplification of historical fact is only equalled by its recklessness. Not only is M. de Montherlant's reading of events highly doctrinaire, but his categories are confused and unconvincing. He admires Catholicism, which essentially claims to be the true voice of Christianity, yet ascribes it to a principle opposed to Christianity; in logic, either the ascription or the admiration is misplaced. He puts upon the same level a world event such as Christianity, and a parochial matter like Byzantianism. He entirely omits mediaevalism from his scheme of history. Why, one may ask, is the principle of authority and tradition masculine, the principle of rebellion feminine, and what has pacifism to do with neglect of the body or with dualism? And so on through the list. The arbitrary impulsiveness which sport was to have corrected here makes the apostle of sport its mouthpiece.

A violent naturalism appears again and again in this votary of reason. He is enamored of the primitive. He loves sport and war in the same way. "Ordered and calm violence, courage, simplicity, salubrity, something virginal and hard, which does not examine itself: that is what I loved in the war . . . and that is what I have rediscovered here. Everything here is in part bound up with nature; the soil, the wind, the sun, are players on our side or against us, and you see that we were just now brothers of the rain as in the old war I was brother of the roots and of the starry night."

Alban de Bricoule, the hero of his novel, Le Songe, is miserable until he has killed his first German (unarmed, by the way, and pleading for quarter); after that happy event, he sits for a long time gloating over the body of his victim. Like the worshippers of Mithra, M. de Montherlant finds a mystic virtue in the shedding of blood. His extravagance sometimes becomes ridiculous, as when he gravely tells us that this same heroic Alban has the habit of becoming so angry that his nose bleeds, and that in such cases the blood is of "a pure and

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beautiful vermilion." A similar brutality appears in his treatment of sex. His male athletes rather inconsistently regard women either as the unpleasant but necessary means for the continuance of the race, or as the pleasant but contemptible means of relaxation when out of training. Courtesy and the gentle heart do not exist in this philosophy.

M. de Montherlant, assuredly, has not done full justice to his subject. To analyze satisfactorily the causes and the affiliations of modern sport would require a far more patient and judicial mind than his. But there can be no doubt that he expresses, and often expresses beautifully, much of its spirit. And he leaves no doubt, either, despite an occasional gesture of moderation, that to him this spirit is essentially one with the spirit of war and militarism. Is this solely due to his temperament and European background? Or has he, perchance, after all caught the real mood of our athletics? And if so, has sport then remained, what it would seem to have been phylogenetically, a preparation for war rather than a substitute for war? That is the fundamental question which demands an answer. If we cannot answer it ourselves, the future surely will.

COMMUNICATIONS

BISHOP BERKELEY AND SAINT OSWALD

San Diego, Cal.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of September 9 are two small samples of obiter dicta history which would not be hurt by a little emendation. Dr. Walsh, referring to Bishop Berkeley, leaves no other impression than that the brilliant idealist was in every respect an Englishman, while in fact he was a native of Kilkenny, and his most permanent home and principal field of labor were in Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in his mature years became successively (Protestant) Dean of Dromore and Derry, and Bishop of Cloyne. For three years he resided in America. At the age of sixty-seven he changed his residence to England and died within the year.

Again you state, speaking of migratory birds, that a monastery which became the glory of Northumbria under Saint Oswald, was founded by this saint on the Farne Islands in A. D. 635. The monastery was on the island of Lindisfarne and was founded by the Irish monk and bishop, Saint Aidan, who requested the pious King Oswald to grant him this site. The fact that Aidan and his fellow monks came from the Irish monastic centre on Iona probably explains why he selected for his see an island—the Iona of England. Oswald, having spent the sixteen years of his banishment among the Irish, knew their language so perfectly, Bede tells us, that with admirable humility he served as interpreter for Aidan in the conversion of the English. As Oswald survived the founding of the monastery only seven years, during which he was constantly harassed in warfare with the Britons and the Mercians, it was not he who developed the glory of Northumbria, but as Bede makes very clear, it was Aidan, his Irish colleagues and their successors. And although our Venerable author deplores their irregularity about Easter, he lauds their remarkable continence and humility, their thorough knowledge of the scriptures and (soothe to say) their discretion. Bede is, of course, our only authority on these matters, and those who refer to him will remember that he calls all the Irish, north and south, "Scots," while the native people of Alba or Caledonia were the "Picts."

I confess to a complex against obiter dicta history, and science, especially when, even unintentionally as here, it tends to further the Nordic nonsense.

EDWARD H. WHELAN.

THE LAYMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As I see your various stimulating articles on Catholic social apathy, I feel much as I did when in 1921 I read Ralph Adams Cram's Toward the Great Peace. In his closing chapter on "personal responsibility," he says—"If there is any thought or word in what I have said that seems to you true, then I ask you to use it, not as a matter for discussion, but as an impulse toward personal action."

As then, so now, I ask myself—what personal action may Catholic laymen take?

It seems to me that many of us Catholics are ready and glad to put our shoulders to the wheel if we can find the wheel. Do you not sense a new spirit among people—a real desire and enthusiasm to improve the condition of the world?

But each impulse to serve evaporates for want of a "work"—a "cause" to absorb its energy. Of course Mr. Cram has his "work;" the Calvert Associates have theirs. But the mass of Catholics are only amateurs, and it is by amateurs that whatever is to be done, must be done.

Perhaps I should find an answer in your remarks about Ozanam and the Count de Mun, who, were they here in New York, would perceive the "work;" the means to the arousing of the spirit of social consciousness you desire. Do you think it possible that the Ozanams are here in our midst, but are made dumb by the reticence and shyness which seems characteristic of thinking Americans?

Do you suppose there would be any chance of discovering them if you were to have in The Commonweal some space for suggestions as to what the laity may do? Do you think someone might have an idea of some practical means of bringing about the renaissance of energy that you want?

Before closing, may I say that I was greatly pleased to see your appreciative mention of Father Hecker in the issue of September 2? He was a great American, far too little known. When the Catholic radio begins to broadcast I hope it will bring out the point that the radio is the projection of Isaac Hecker's spirit into the twentieth century.

To use the tools of one's age was one of his maxims, and the present Paulists seem to me to be following his lead in a very striking manner. Can you fancy Father Hecker's delight at the idea of a mammoth Question-Box conducted by radio, reaching the nation he loved with such a practical love?

KATHERINE DELMONICO BYLES.

THE NEW YORK LIBRARY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—So many of the librarians have read and admired your recent editorial on behalf of the New York Public Library that I want to express for some of us our appreciation and gratitude for your able and sympathetic presentation of the library case.

ESTHER JOHNSTON,
Librarian-in-Charge.

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SONNETS

Shells

When we return from the long-quiet places,
Shall we find these, old tortuous shells again?
Shall we look forth from smooth, earth-softened faces
Into a selflessness beyond our ken
But sentient? Or shall there be a sighing
Here where the sinuous white-armed breakers comb
The sea's green hair . . . less than the lone loon's crying—
Less than the spray that splinters on old foam?

Thin, bodiless and lost; forlorn to follow
Down to the shore, with never a step to stain
Its level peace? There must be shells to hollow
Some of the ecstasy of body-pain;
To bowl the cry that once was you or me—
As old shells bowl the sorrow of the sea.

MILDRED FOWLER FIELD.

Sequel

Just off the common, on a little street
Nobody ever thought of using twice,
We came upon it suddenly, a retreat
For family ghosts, old furniture and mice.
Four fluted columns and a Georgian door,
Shutters that creaked, lace curtains frayed and brown—
Its hand-hewn timbers must have stood before
The British made a bonfire of the town.

A white wreath hung there once, and sorrow fought
With faith, a battle—day by dreary day.
Eager and young and beautiful, she bought
Peace at a price too dear for one to pay . . .
Behind that weathered, tumbled-down façade
An old, old woman sits alone with God.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

France, 1925

These are the rooms, and these the corridors
Where gracious ladies strolled in silken clothes;
Now, dust forms ragged carpets for the floors,
And splendor lifts her dainty skirts and goes
Tip-toeing softly down the creaking stairs,
And only sorrow lingers, with her eyes
Full of conflicting shadows. Slim despairs
Hover about the people in the guise

Of desperate exhaustions. Love demands
No sacrifices at her lonely shrine,
And ecstasy lies at the feet of sleep.
Dreams fall, like wasted gifts, on listless hands,
And night and day conspire to undermine
The faith of youths who've never learned to weep.

HELENE MULLINS.

Metaphysics

Yours is a weapon that you need not whet,
Being finely fashioned of a durable steel,
Edged sharply on an everlasting wheel,
Tempered in fires eternal, and beset
With indestructible jewels: never yet
Has man's flesh felt the stroke that now I feel—
The stroke of that injurious ideal—
And hid from other men the scar of it.

Your beauty is not yours only, or if it were,
How should it flash upon my eyes a light
As of a pure world traveling a clear course
Through a remote and white and cloudless air,
Far from the pain and passion of our night,
And far from fear, and far from our remorse?

NEWTON ARVIN.

Youth

O Youth, still I am yours! Still for an hour
My heart trembles beneath your swift caress.
Too willing captive am I to your power,
Too eagerly I give, and you possess!
Through the blue dusk you come and, intently,
I listen for your step where lilies grow
Paler than dreams. In amongst them, gently,
Teach me, O Youth, the beauty that you know!

(Was it the wind that stirred? . . . Was it a sigh? . . .
The lilies bow their heads . . . The night is deep . . .
Was it a shadow touched us, and passed by?
Why are you sad, O Youth? Why do you weep?)
There falls a sound as of far seraphim . . .
Then silence. Hush . . . the light of stars is dim.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Haiti

The leopard, sun and shade, crouches and speeds
Over the backs of hills, over the sand,
Over blue-molded seas, uncooled and bland;
And on decay the spotted leopard feeds.
Palms, roses, supersede dark human weeds;
And sloth sprawls sleeping on the clotted land,
A subtle horror in each limp black hand—
A lingering of ancient blood-red deeds.

Black shadows trail the footprints through white dust
Of climbing stragglers on a march that goes
Into locked speechless hills, line after line:
Shrill, rhythmic, burdened head and sprawling toes
Defile through mounting jungles like the thrust
And spread of some far-tendrilled helpless vine.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Green Hat

KATHARINE CORNELL has returned to New York at last, bringing Michael Arlen's The Green Hat with her. Of her exceedingly fine acting—so fine that for the first time, I lost the delight of seeing Miss Cornell in the greater satisfaction of seeing the new and vivid character she had created—I shall say more presently. For the moment, let us assume that the play's the thing, and see what sort of a drama Mr. Arlen has fashioned.

It is all the easier for me to consider the play by itself, as I have never read the book—and quite possibly never shall read it. I entered the Broadhurst theatre with no preconceived visions and found—a rather loosely and at times very poorly constructed play wound about a theme which might have been poignantly beautiful, but which missed both beauty and song by that vast space which separates the right from the left hand slope of a mountain crest.

Here you have Iris March, conscious of a neurotic and erratic inheritance, thwarted in the only real love of her life by prejudice and parental interference, married to "Boy" Fenwick because he loves her so intensely, only to discover that he was physically unfit to marry and to have him commit suicide on their bridal night. To save Fenwick's reputation before the world, and particularly before her weak-willed brother, to whom "Boy" had been an idol and inspiration, Iris makes it known that he killed himself because of shock at discovering her own past. Here you have the start of a theme of quixotic self-sacrifice emerging from a character otherwise self-indulgent and essentially selfish; for Iris subsequently gives herself, though not her love, to many men for the mere sake of being loved.

In the course of her notorious career, Iris guards but two treasures—this secret of Fenwick's death, and her love for Napier Harpenden. The latter, she gratifies three days before his marriage to Venice Pollen; the former, she betrays on the same occasion by telling it to Napier himself. From then on, her life is perpetual retribution, beginning with the still-birth of her child, and ending with her disillusionment in Napier himself, when, in a well meant effort to justify her before the world, he tells his father and a group of friends the truth about Fenwick. Iris had planned, with the sad-eyed consent of poor Venice, to leave England forever with Napier. But when she finds that he is not great enough to keep the secret which she herself had not kept, she sends him back to Venice, by telling him the lie that Venice is about to have a child. She then drives her car headlong into a tree, the quicker to end her own intolerable existence.

What a drama this might have been, if Iris had raised her love for Napier many degrees higher by never seeking to make him her own; or, if that temptation had proved beyond the power of her will, had she kept "Boy's" secret to the end of her days. Either act would have brought Iris to a certain moral importance; would have given her a faint claim to be numbered among the great romantic heroines of the drama. But to the end, her self-love exceeds any power of will or self-sacrifice she can summon. She is a profoundly unhappy woman, forever seeking and never finding inner strength; nearly approaching heroism, only to find it smothered by her own impotence.

Mr. Arlen, then, has painted in his play the portrait of a tragic failure, important only as all self-created tragedies are important, and in no wise kindled with the spark of greatness. I should say that by the self same token by which Iris informs us that she is not really bad, that she "only misbelieves," she also confesses that she cannot be really fine or noble. It is seldom that the lukewarm sinner becomes the heroic saint. Where the will is dormant, it generally leaves the valleys as well as the heights unexplored. Stripped of all glamor, the Iris of Mr. Arlen's play is a weakling, with magnificent impulses far beyond her power of achievement. For this reason, she is simply—unimportant.

Not so, however, with the living impersonation of Iris as sublimated by Miss Cornell. This great artist of our stage has written into the play a beauty, a richness and an importance with which Mr. Arlen certainly never endowed it. Mr. Arlen's lines say one thing (rather cheaply, too); Miss Cornell's presence, her movements, her gestures, even her silences, convey another. She makes you believe, for the moment, in the importance of Iris Fenwick in spite of all that your reason can say to the contrary. In a sense, this is an imperfection in her art. She has, it is true, thinned out her own womanliness to a remarkable degree, but not to the degree indicated by the playwright. She has pitched the moral importance of Iris far too high, too near the pinnacle to which her own personal ideals would leap. But if this is an imperfection, it errs at least on the creative side. She gives all that Mr. Arlen had to give (which is very little) and much more beside. If the play is ever presented with another actress, you will, I am sure, hear people discussing two distinct characters, the Iris of Mr. Arlen, and the Iris that shared also the imaginative power and the humane sympathy of Katharine Cornell.

Arms and the Man

THE Theatre Guild season has opened abruptly and charmingly with a revival of Bernard Shaw's Arms and the Man. This delicious satire on the self-deceptive heroics of war—and on heroics of all sorts, so far as that goes—is one of the few Shaw plays you can accept and enjoy without reservations. Some of our critics have laboriously and most tiresomely tried to prove that since the advent of What Price Glory?, Shaw's satire is somewhat demoded and thin. But I do not think you will find the delighted audiences at the Guild theatre agreeing with them, and for a very good reason. When Shaw strikes at a human weakness—and there are moments when no one can strike with swifter certainty—it is never at a weakness of the day or generation only. He prods and goads universal weaknesses. Arms and the Man could be set with equal appropriateness in the Luxembourg of 1914, in the Athens of several hundred B.C., in the Egypt of Cleopatra or the District of Columbia, 1918. His theme is simply the futility and nonsense of self-deception. War, warfare and whereabouts are all accidents.

Knowing that fine comedy demands superlative acting, the Guild has assembled, for the revival of this young classic, an exceptional cast. The romantic Raina of Miss Lynn Fontanne is crisp and delectable—nothing less—and fittingly matched against the precise common sense of Alfred Lunt, as the choco-

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late soldier, Captain Bluntschli. If Mr. Lunt would only add clear diction to his inimitable power of pantomime, he would be one of our finest comedy actors (and tragedy, too, if you remember certain scenes in Outward Bound). Pedro de Cordoba must have astonished even his persistent admirers by the sharp and revealing comedy which he injected into the Byronesque complexities of Sergius. The splendid alternation of his heroics, with the more pleasing relaxations into common sense, lent a fine swing and cadence to the second and third acts—the latter especially. Ernest Cossart bettered even expectations as Major Petkoff, and Henry Travers's Nicola was Shavian to the tips of his clipped and most Bulgarian hair. Stella Larrimore was adequate, though not conclusive, as Louka. Altogether an exceptionally deftly acted, delightfully staged revival of a compact and cogent little comedy.

A New Abby Putnam

EUGENE O'NEILL'S Desire Under the Elms remains, as always, a deep shadow of mordant gloom. No effort of actors or public, I am still convinced, can read into it a theme other than the tragedy of being forever earth-bound. But the character of Abby Putnam, as a medium for fine acting —considered purely as interpretive art—has few parallels. An almost entirely new cast has just made its New York début in this play, and as a matter of dramatic record, it should be stated that Helen Freeman has given an interpretation of Abby which, in its breadth, its indomitable possessiveness and its sense of utter catastrophe, after the killing of the child, not only surpasses the original creation of Mary Morris, but indicates that Miss Freeman has definitely attained the proportions of an exceptional tragic actress. It should also be stated that Frank McGlynn has humanized the grim figure of Ephraim Cabot.

The Phantom of the Opera

THAT much advertised picture, The Phantom of the Opera, in which Lon Chaney is featured, is a curious and not wholly satisfactory combination of the effective and the banal. In this story of the mysterious man who has hid his ugliness in the cavernous regions beneath the Paris Grand Opera, there is room aplenty for mystery of the kind which gains in fascination through never being explained. Unfortunately, there is such a persistent effort to explain the literal possibility of everything which happens, that one has a curious feeling of being face to face with a mechanical ghost. Of Mr. Chaney's ability completely to transform himself by the art of make-up, one can only say that he is a master and an adept. This particular part, however, gives him less chance than usual to display his human emotions. I am afraid this film will not rank as an exhibit of Mr. Chaney's finest work.

CONTRIBUTORS

ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET is a canon of the Cathedral of Cambrai and a well known authority on French and English literature. He is the author of France Herself Again.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, formerly a member of the faculty of the University of Oregon, is a contributor to current publications.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS was for many years in the American diplomatic service in Korea and Guatemala.

CHARLES GRENVILLE WILSON is a writer on Scandinavian literature and customs.

LAURA BENÉT is a contributor of critical reviews to current periodicals.

PADRAIC COLUM is an authority on Irish folk-lore and the author of Wild Earth and Other Poems.

HELENE MULLINS and NEWTON ARVIN are contributors of poetry to American publications.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN and LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS whose verse appears frequently in The Commonweal and other publications will each have a volume of poetry published this fall.

MILDRED FOWLER FIELD and JOHN SHERRY MANGAN are new contributors to The Commonweal.

BOOKS

WRITERS ON PREHISTORIC MAN

IN SELECTING books on this subject, one must always bear in mind that, as surmise enters largely into these questions, every book is liable to be tinctured with the writer's special ideas. This is more especially the case with chronology. Speaking strictly, there is no such thing as chronology in the case of prehistoric days, since chronology can only co-exist with history, whose skeleton it forms. We can arrive at what seem to be fairly good approximations to a relative sequence, but when we come to translate that into actual series of dates we get into the land of surmise and then we are subject to the guesses of each writer.

With this warning ever in mind we may commence our list of books. Human Origins, by G. G. McCurdy, of Yale University (New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1924) may first be mentioned, not only as one of the most complete of books, but as one written and issued on this side of the Atlantic. It is a mine of information and must long remain a standard work in spite of the constant arrival of new facts. Men of the Old Stone Age, by H. F. Osborne, of the American Museum of Natural History (London: G. Bell and Son. 1916) is another book by an American author which contains a vast amount of information and a host of illustrations. Apart from the warning just given as to chronology, the inexperienced reader may be reminded that the pictures of reconstructed prehistoric man, such as that of the Neanderthal man which forms the frontispiece, cannot be higher placed than as works of imagination, founded, of course, on the careful study of bones —but imagination none the less. Ancient Hunters, by W. J. Sollas of Oxford (New York: The Macmillan Company. Third Edition. 1924) is what may fairly be described as the standard book on the subject. Professor Sollas is a very cautious and careful writer, who avoids straining hypotheses in a way which might be commended to some other writers on the subject. Manuel d'Archéologie Préhistorique, by Joseph Déchelette (Paris: Auguste Picard. 1924) is a great work in four volumes, and the recognized manual on the entire subject, for it carries the tale of early man through the later stone, bronze and early iron ages—that is, to a point where history begins, instead of stopping with the old stone age, as the others cited have done. The New Stone Age in Northern Europe, by J. M. Tyler, of Amherst (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921) another book by an American author, confines its attention to that stage in culture and gives a good account of it. Prehistory, by M. C. Burkitt (Cambridge University Press. 1921) whose author worked under Abbé Breuil, that acknowledged leader in the subject, is an excellent book and may be commended to those who want one volume alone to represent the subject on their shelves.

For England, where the subject has been extensively studied by excavation and otherwise, Remains of the Prehistoric Age, by B. C. A. Windle (London: Methuen and Company. Second Edition. 1899) and Ancient Man in Britain, by D. A. Mackenzie (New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1923) will supply most of the information available up to the time of their publication. Prehistoric Art, by E. A. Parkyn (New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1915) is a very good account of the extraordinary works of art belonging to the end of the old stone age, and may be commended to those who desire a knowledge of the subject and do not care to purchase the immense and costly works of Breuil on the various caves.

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There is, it may be added, a good deal of this topic in Burkitt's book named above. The Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy, by T. E. Peet (Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1909) and Palaeolithic Man and Terramara Settlements in Europe, by R. Munro (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1912) are comprehensive books which give a good account of what is known of the ancient civilizations of Italy, so significant for the ethnology of that part of Europe.

Those who would know thoroughly the subject of the old stone age, must make some study of the glacial period with which it is so much connected and should read The Quaternary Ice Age, by W. B. Wright, of the Geological Survey of Ireland (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1914) an authoritative work with many illustrations and quite easy to comprehend by those who have no special knowledge of geology. The Origin and Antiquity of Man, by G. F. Wright (Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Company. 1912) deals with the glacial period more from the American aspect, but it must be confessed that all glaciologists would perhaps not agree with some of his conclusions, and the date fixed for the commencement of Niagara Falls at Lewiston is now known to be much too recent. The Antiquity of Man in Europe, by J. Geikie, touches on the question mainly from the glaciological point of view, and the reader will here find a setting forth and criticism of the various chronologies of Penck and others.

Lastly, there is the topic of the human remains—a most thorny subject. Here, probably, the best book is Fossil Men, by Marcellin Boule, translated by Jessie and James Ritchie (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1923) esteemed by all readers, as indeed the record of its writer entitles it to be.

The Antiquity of Man, by A. Keith (London: Williams and Norgate, 1915) is a work by a man of recognized authority, but one whose chronological adventures have been much criticized by the writer of the work mentioned immediately previously. Keith is much given to theories, and the reader will bear that in mind; but the book is brightly written, considering the subject with which it deals, and must be included in any complete collection.

For those who like their knowledge in tabloid form, two small books may close the list—Prehistoric Man, by W. L. H. Duckworth (Cambridge University Press. 1912) and Ancient Types of Man, by Arthur Keith (New York: Harper Brothers. 1911). The reader who studies the latter and the book named above by the same author, will be interested to note the changes of idea. Those who are familiar with the subject will have noted that the older works by men like Boyd-Dawkins, Lord Averbury, and Sir John Evans, have been omitted from this list. It is not because they are not of great value, but that they are long out of print; very costly when obtainable second-hand; and most of their facts have been included in one or other of the works named above.

History of the Irish State to 1014, by Alice Stopford Green. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

THE state papers kept by the English government have always been the great stand-by of those who would write a history of Ireland. That there were state papers on the native side was a possibility that was seldom taken into account. Indeed the Hon. Emily Lawless, who wrote about Ireland in the "Story of the Nations" series, got out of having to use such records by boldly declaring that Ireland had no history before the Norman invasion. The Irish state papers are in the form of genealogies, sagas, poems, annals, law-tracts. For the epoch that Mrs. Green's history covers—from the second century of the Christian era to the death of King Brian Boru—these are the only kind of documents that need be taken into account.

They have to be translated and they have to be interpreted. One scholar, single-handed, has done most of this work already, besides making Celtic Ireland realizable by us through his published studies. That scholar is Professor MacNeill. "By his fruitful labors in neglected sources such as genealogies, by his ingenious investigations on every side, by his own interpretations, he has opened to us roads of knowledge hitherto unexplored, notably in the study of Irish law"—so Mrs. Green writes in the preface to her history. And she makes this acknowledgment—"With characteristic generosity he has given to me, not only encouragement, but the free use of his historical notes, published and unpublished."

From whatever source it comes to her, Mrs. Green makes all that she writes about live. She is indeed that valiant woman spoken of in the Scriptures. For years she has labored to make Irish history not a matter of reproach to Irish people, but a matter of pride—of pride and heroic prophecy. And this latest work of hers means that the task is accomplished. By its authority, by its power and dignity of statement, The History of the Irish State to 1014, seems destined to take a place as a classic amongst histories of Ireland. To review such a book adequately, one would have to write a long article; in a short review one can only deal with some salient points in it.

It can be asserted that until the publication of some recent studies, nothing whatever was known about the political or the social organization of Celtic Ireland; not knowing these, it was impossible to interpret the movements and the men that we were able to discern. There has been a vague idea that the Irish political and social system was "tribal," and that it was based on the "clan." This idea probably came from the fact that for one reason or another the people of a given district, or at least the important people in it, all had the same surname as the ruler of the district. Hence it is that in English records districts in Ireland appear as "O'Donnell's Country," "O'Farrell's Country," "McCarthy's Country," and the like. Then it came to be supposed that the O'Donnell, the O'Farrell, the MacCarthy, were heads of clans that were like the clans in Highland Scotland as shown in Sir Walter Scott's stories. But these names for the districts were not the Irish names; the Irish system was territorial, and the unit was the Tuath, or petty state. Within the Tuath there was a number of social grades—twenty grades if one reckoned from the king to the occasionally held slave. Nominally there were about a hundred Tuatha, or petty states, in Ireland. They had varying degrees of sovereignty and independence; there were "free states" in which the people owed neither obedience nor tribute to any but their own ruler; there were tributary states where the ancient chief ruled in his own territory while he was subject to tribute to a conquering over-king, and there were communities, "the groups of which in historic periods were hardly political bodies, and probably had no corporate existence except such as tradition gave them." These were the "unfree states." It should be noted that, even in these, the people lived under their own traditional customs and that they had the right to bear arms. Nominally the Tuath was a district capable of maintaining thirty hundreds of armed men, enlisted from the age of seventeen. However, before history-writing began, changes had taken place. "The scale of armed forces had been altered; there had been new groupings of kingdoms

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. . . till gradually the Tuatha came to mean divisions very variable in extent."

If we would not misunderstand what the life in an Irish Tuath was like, we should have to go beyond feudal Europe, beyond the Roman Empire. The little Italic or the little Hellenic states would make a real comparison. The Kingdom of Sparta was only about the size of the Irish county of Mayo. Old Nestor, as we meet him in The Odyssey, was probably like the "ri" of an Irish Tuath; he was the president of the Assembly, the leader in war, the judge of his people. Neither Nestor nor any of the kings in the Irish petty states ruled as autocrat; rather they were great public officials.

To make a parenthesis here—one finds in the fact that the kings in the Tuatha were public officials, an explanation of a curious scene chronicled by Froissart. We are told that when the Plantagenet King John came over to have himself designated Lord of Ireland, he had a banqueting-hall built, and he invited to Dublin certain Irish kings. At the banquet, the kings sat at table with "their principal servants." This seemed to the Normans to be a letting-down of the kingly dignity, and they asked the kings to sit without such company. More through good nature than anything else, as Froissart tells us, they agreed to do this, and at the next banquet they seated themselves apart from their "principal servants." Thereupon a cry went up from the Irish who were in the hall. "They complained that an old custom of theirs had been broken." We now know why the kings sat with such associates, and why the Irish in the hall were so distressed to see them seated by themselves. The kings' "principal servants" were the lawyers, the historians, the poets, who were, like the king himself, public officials. The kings, like the presidents of a democracy with their cabinet ministers, had to keep these officials near them. And the Norman courtiers who knew kings only as autocrats were shocked by such association.

In the little Tuath there was a complete social and intellectual life. These petty states, federated, made up the comparatively large states that we are more familiar with in Irish history. There were seven such states—Connacht in the west, Munster in the south, Leinster and Meath in the east, Oriel in the north with two smaller kingdoms, one of which, Ulaid, came to give a name to the northern territory. And these kingdoms, one in law and language, made up the Irish state. For, "beginning with the seventh century every Irish history is a history of Ireland—there is no account of a single Tuath or of any separate group of kingdoms. The genealogies compiled by the Wise Men, and recited at the general assemblies of the Tuatha, became the foundation of a common record of the race. Elaborated by the official scholars, and accepted by the leading dynasties, the feeling grew of one people, united in the pride of a common heroic race . . .

"Kuno Meyer first pointed out the remarkable fact that, unlike all other states in Europe, Ireland at that early time had framed for herself one national law for the whole territory . . . The old tracts admitted no law into their own scope but what was common to all Ireland; and the Law of the Feni remained the uniform rule for the entire country. At a time when Wales had four codes, and Britain as many laws as it had kingdoms, in Ireland the kingdoms were many, but they were all united in obedience to a common law."

The Irish state was made up of all these kingdoms; at its head was the King of Tara—the ard-ri or High-king of Ireland. It has to be realized that the high-kingship had little political and hardly any military power attached to it. The High-king represented the highest court in the land; his office was symbolic rather than forceful; he might be compared with the emperor of mediaeval Germany.

The "infra-historical life," the life below that usually shown in histories, is taken into account in this history of the Irish state. The study of the laws has revealed in the status, the duties, and the responsibilities of each grade in Celtic society. We see the freeman of the poorest class living in a "house of low degree"—

"A wattled booth or cabin, round or square, some seventeen feet in diameter—was legally protected against all injury, defamation, and 'driving out'—a phrase which may possibly refer to expulsion from a house, an assembly or public place, or a territory. The precinct around his house called his maigen, small or great according to his means, was by law inviolable. Within that precinct slaying, wounding, or quarreling was an offense against the owner's status. There he could give protection to strangers in the Tuath if they were his equal in grade . . . By old custom small landowners tilled, ground their grain, and stored it, in partnership. If four households worked a ploughland, each partner had a fourth share of the plough, an ox, a plough-share, a goad and a halter, with a share in kiln, mill, barn, and cooking-pot. The law known as "farm-law" seems to have been framed for the regulation of such small communities which probably grew out of joint families—little coöperative groups, as we may call them, farming in common."

Several grades above such small tillers of the soil were the grades of those whom Mrs. Green designates as "worthies." Amongst them was one class which we would be probably right in regarding as the back-bone of that society—the substantial farmer. "The typical prosperous farmer, however, was the 'landman,' so-called from his property of about seven hundred and twenty acres . . . His seven out-houses must be in good order, for there were strict rules for the proper sheltering of the live-stock. His own house of twenty-seven feet must have all the necessaries in their proper places—casks of milk and ale; three sacks, renewed in each quarter of the year, of malt, of sea-ash against the cutting up of joints of cattle, of charcoal for irons; a cauldron with its spits and supports; a vat in which a boiling (of ale) may be stirred; a huge bronze cauldron in which a hog fits; a cauldron for ordinary use with all needful irons and trays and mugs; a washing-trough and a bath, tubs, candlesticks, knives for cutting rushes, ropes, an adze, an auger, a saw, a pair of shears, a trestle (probably for cutting logs of wood) an axe, the tools for use in every season, every implement thereof unborrowed—a grindstone, mallets, a bill-hook, a hatchet, spears for killing cattle. He had full ownership of a plough and all its outfit. He was bound to have a fire always alive, a candle on the candlestick without fail. On his broad pasture and tillage grounds he kept twenty cows and two bulls, six oxen, twenty pigs, four housed hogs, two brood sows. His saddle-horse was adorned with an enameled bridle. He and his wife of equal grade had each four costumes. Heavy penalties were inflicted for disturbing or invading his house or lands."

How the federation of states that we look upon as the historic kingdoms came into existence; how Tara and Cashel rose to supremacy; how kings of Tara became the High-kings; how Saint Patrick brought a new faith to the people amongst whom he had been a slave; how Irish learning became conspicuous in Europe; how the law was developed; how the monasteries traded; how the North and South strove together

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and coöperated; how the Norse invasions came and how they were resisted; how Brian, the cadet of an unnoted house, became a leader in his own territory, how he became King of Munster, and how, afterwards, he became the High-king of Ireland; how he maintained the Irish Commonwealth; how he strove against and defeated a great invasion, to perish on the field of his victory—all this makes the great theme of the History of the Irish State to 1014. It is the story of a remarkable European civilization and of the men who maintained it. And Mrs. Green does not merely make public the results of research and investigation. She puts into her writing ardor and devotion, a feeling for the heroes of Irish tradition, and a power of embodying them for us. She has the power of exposition of unfamiliar material, and she is able to make a vivid and vigorous story; her language has weight and dignity; her sentences a solidity that is hardly to be looked for amongst writers of to-day. It is not too much to apply to Alice Stopford Green a paraphrase of what was said of Montesquieu —with this History of the Irish State she has restored to the Irish people the title deeds that had been lost—the title deeds of ancient nobility.

PADRAIC COLUM.

A Life of the Reverend Richard Baxter, 1615-1691, by Frederick J. Powicke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

RICHARD BAXTER will always be remembered in history as "Baxter the Controversialist," just as Julian, to the end of time, will be "the apostate," and Priscilla, "the Puritan Maiden." The mere monument of his controversial industry—160 volumes in seventy-six years of life—is quite enough to secure him his title. Dr. Frederick J. Powicke's life of this disputatious divine is not written with any intent to change the popular conception—indeed, an enquiry into the grounds and fortunes of his religious opinions takes up by far the greater bulk. But incidentally, and by sheer force of contrast, we gain a picture of a man who was singularly humble, charitable, and even saintly (the word is not too strong) and in whom the flame of tolerance burned, intermittently, it is true, but very honestly. A Protestant divine who, in the year 1659, could outline some scheme of communion with the Roman Church, was no bigot or timeserver.

Such a figure as Baxter is only conceivable when we consider the nature of the strange times in which he lived. The seventeenth century was an epoch when spiritual issues reigned supreme. Soldiers went to the wars with Bibles in their boots, weavers and tinkers had visions of the New Jerusalem; Massachusetts pilgrims disputed on the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Justification, with wolves and Indians at their doors. Baxter, like Wesley, to the end of his life never considered himself as anything besides an ordained minister of the Church of England, and even refused a bishopric from Charles II. But, by sheer force of independent thinking, he found himself at issue all his life with the ecclesiastical powers that be, whatever their political complexion.

Antinomianism, the doctrine of justification by faith alone, of which Luther had planted the evil seed in 1537, was Baxter's Antichrist—the thing against which he strove all his life, with tongue and pen, and with an ardor that drew from him late in life, a pathetic apology. "While we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to a world that will decide all our controversies." Dr. Powicke thinks that had he been a little more of a mystic (he confessed he had a "cold mind") he would have possessed "a deeper sympathy with Paul's mystic experience of life in Christ," and have been a little less hard on "so-called antimonians like Mrs. Hutchinson, and Sir Harry Vane . . . and the Quakers." But it must be remembered that what Baxter was watching throughout the troubled period in which he lived was, not the use, but the abuse of the mystic doctrine of justification by faith and its evil progeny of sects, schisms, scandals and all manner of uncharitableness. It is significant that, while a chaplain with the parliamentary army, he noted that "the current infection was antimonianism. It is his lonely struggle for a union of hearts and against the hard Puritanism that had practically stripped the word of God of love, that makes this apostolic divine so appealing a figure. Cromwell hated him." "As soon as I came to the army, Oliver Cromwell coldly bid me welcome and never spoke one word to me more . . . If Noll Cromwell should hear any soldier speak but such a word," said one of "the Committee" after listening to a sermon of his, "he would cleave his crown."

His charity embraced the communion whose priests and confessors he had seen hunted like wild beasts during a great part of his life. He "confessed himself very sceptical about the accepted identification of the Papacy with Antichrist, the Beast, etc. . . . If I abhor millions and millions merely on my uncertain exposition of the Revelations, I cannot do it in faith. If one asks me why I do it, I must say that I know not, but most here believe it because Mr. A. Mr. B, Mr. C, etc. say so." His plea for a union with Catholics, his suggestion of an agreement with them upon essentials for salvation, "contained in the Holy Scriptures, yea, and in the four first general councils," leaving all else to be determined by "general rules of order, decency and edification;" is disarming in its naïveté. But remembering that it was uttered in the last year of the Protectorate, and that its result was to make him "anathema to Protestant fanatics," respect for personal character of the author of The Saint's Everlasting Rest grows to wondering admiration.

In Baxter, at any rate, the fruits of the spirit for which he pleaded so insistently, were made manifest. He turned his own parish of Kidderminster, even in the seventeenth century a manufacturing centre, and in which his house still stands, from a town that was a by-word for degradation, into one that became a proverb for righteousness. Out of a stipend of a hundred pounds a year, he spent little on himself. His charity was unbounded, and he gave away all the money his books brought him. "In giving that little I had, I did not inquire whether they were good or bad, if they asked relief—for the bad had souls and bodies that needed charity most."

Richard Baxter is a unique figure, placed as he was between the High Church party who, under men like Herbert and Laud were striving for a wider sacramental system, and the Puritans, to whose hatred of anything of the sort we in America are indebted for such portents as Billy Sunday and the institution of marriage by justice of the peace. His "controversies" against Rome were largely perfunctory, and of the fashion of his time. They should not hinder us from giving him his place in the "soul of the Church," whom only circumstances kept outside of its pale.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The Crystal Cup, by Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE stage for this novel is set in the usual romantic manner; an old manor house, a stately and dying grandmother in the act of leaving an independent fortune to an

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attractive and rebellious girl, who is a man-hater. We meander pleasantly on through yards of plausible chapters aware of the vibrations of Gita Carteret, her friends and her lovers; aware too that these vibrations are surface ones and that their owners have no actual roots in life. What should be a presentation of life is play acting from the opening scene at Mrs. Carteret's deathbed to the party at which Gita enters into her fantastic business relationship with Eustace. It is wasteful to squander, even temporarily, on a novel such excellent stuff for the moving picture theatre as is found in these scenes, especially in Eustace's caveman-like attempt to win Gita's love and in Polly's melodramatic attack with the car. As for the famous conversation between Gita and Geoffrey on the salt marshes, one can well imagine that, had the author released the manuscript ahead of time, she would have had every publisher in New York sitting on her door step in solemn expectancy. To quote a paragraph or two—

"She began to tremble violently: 'They say—you feel horribly when you come to after drowning,' she stammered through her chattering teeth. 'I feel just like that.'

" 'Of course. You're coming to life.'

" 'It's not a poetic feeling at all—and I must blow my nose!'

" 'Do. Have you a handkerchief?'

" 'Yes, I have.' She used it. 'I wish I'd really drowned.' Her teeth were still chattering.

" 'It's a submerged—hitherto—part of your ego that hurts as much as anything else. It's undergoing birthpangs as well as your ill-treated body.' "

This explanation is graphic, amusing, and no doubt highly gratifying alike to physician and psycho-analyst. But is it art? No, never once does it touch the fringes of art for it palpably turns into ridicule the character on whom the whole book pivots—Gita Carteret.

Mrs. Atherton has taken material that might have made an interesting and unusual dress and, cutting it badly without regard for line or design, has turned it into a standardized factory slip. Gita, in embryo, is a person who should have been developed in "the grand manner" and who would have drained the crystal cup to the dregs in some sudden moment of surrender. Whether she will ever attain one magnificent gesture, mated with Geoffrey Pelham, the reviewer thinks doubtful.

Twenty years ago Mrs. Atherton wrote The Conqueror. Here were passion and sordidness, dream and barren reality—but the book never sank to the facile level of the commonplace. It remained an authentic piece of work with which this novel cannot compete. The Crystal Cup does not give the reader, as he anticipates, a full and spicy drink of the vintage of modern life. It is a shallow goblet that holds "vin ordinaire" and he turns away from it after wetting his lips.

LAURA BENÉT.

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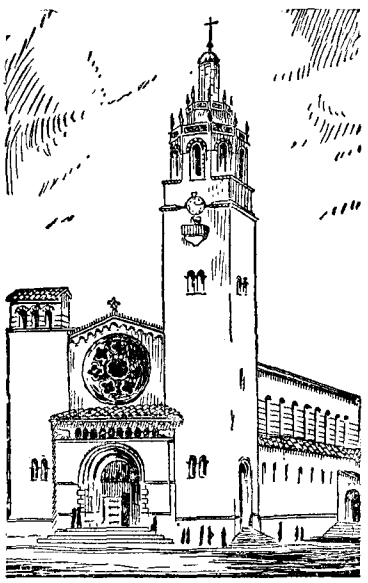

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BRIEFER MENTION

The Moral Standards of Democracy, by Henry Wilkes Wright. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

IS there a necessary connection between morality and the functions of democracy? The question has been asked and answered frequently; Professor Wright replies, in the heart of his little book, by saying—"The moral ideal calls for the existence or creation of a society—a universal community of intelligent persons among whom there is complete mutual understanding, working fellowship, and imaginative sympathy. This ideal of the 'perfect society' is the ideal of democracy." The first part of the volume is a psychological and metaphysical proof of the accuracy of Dr. Wright's statement; the second part is an analysis of what the functions of democracy are and ought to be. This attempt of Professor Wright to harmonize modern idealism and ultra-modern realistic psychology is interesting and illuminating. He seems never to have heard of scholasticism, and yet the "sensus communis" of the Angelic Doctor implies everything he wishes to suggest by "community of intelligence." This affords him a solid buttress for an attack upon the vagaries of behaviorism; it leads him to deny that, "action is invariably and altogether utilitarian;" and it supports his statement that, "no study of man's conduct can be illuminating and profitable which does not accord to his rational will its rightful position of central importance and determining power." Perhaps the best chapter in the book is devoted to a discussion of democracy and industry which does not shirk the really great difficulties involved. We think that Dr. Wright's attempt to link up idealism and naturalistic psychology is fallacious at bottom because he would bind extremes instead of seeking for the mean; and of course one should like to differ with many scattered statements which assume—as much of the book does—that the writings of the professorial confraternity are innately venerable. Yet very few treatises on sociology are so well-reasoned, so commendable and so honest.

The Chrysalis of Romance, by Inez G. Howard. Los Angeles: The Times-Mirror Press. $3.00.

THE literati of Los Angeles are bewilderingly whimsical and independent of tradition. Perhaps it is the semi-tropical character of their climate which dictates the luxuriant foliage in which their books venture forth—cream paper, generous margins, illuminations, covers that tempt the dyspeptic bibliophile, everything. With such riches at the elbow, what critic would be carping enough to expect much of the reading material? The orchid is not famed for honey, nor does the utilitarian extract helium from a mountain sunset. At any rate, the present author has tried nothing more ambitious than discovering "America to the Americans." Her "little book"—in sober truth it is a pretty big book—has been "some time in the making." The result is a series of tabloid variations on "sweet land of liberty" made with the help of the alphabet, the man in the moon, the gentleman of the cave, and Uncle Sam. Every earnest book-lover is warned against choosing the work as a possible gift for Mr. Mencken; on the other hand, he may profitably select it for any lady of his acquaintance who is running for Congress in Columbus or Kokomo.

Nevertheless, it should be added that many a little Johnnie's Christmas stocking would be made more valuable by the addition of The Chrysalis of Romance. It will tell him a great deal that is interesting and useful about his country.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Good morning, Tittivillus," said Primus Criticus cheerily. "Did you have a pleasant week-end?"

Tittivillus, busy arranging some new books on the shelves, gave a hurried glance over his shoulder at the figure of Dr. Angelicus enveloped in a snow-storm of manuscripts, and continued his work silently.

"Well," said Primus Criticus, somewhat abashed, "you might at least reply when you are spoken to."

Dr. Angelicus pulled impatiently at another pile of manuscripts. Not looking up, he said abruptly—

"New library rules.—No greetings to be exchanged. No time to be wasted in unnecessary speech. Time thus saved to increase volume of work done in course of one day. Silence from the opening of the library until closing time—except for absolutely necessary questions and replies, pertaining to work."

And the Doctor made a savage pass with his red pencil at an innocent manuscript.

"Oh, I say," protested Primus Criticus, "whatever made you think of all that? One of the charming things about our library, up to date, has been the delightful conversations and discussions of this and that—distinctly not pertaining to work."

"To relax this excellent rule momentarily," sighed the Doctor impatiently, "in order to have you see the common sense of it, I will tell you that I was much edified the other day, on visiting a well known publisher's office in this city, to notice the impressive silence that filled its rooms, full of efficient, busy workers. The president informed me that every employee's position was contingent upon his observation of this rule. When it was introduced he had efficiency experts come in and compute the time thus saved. It amounted to two hours, twenty minutes, five and one-quarter seconds per day in the case of each employee. Multiplying this by fifty-four (the actual number of persons employed) they arrived at 126 hours, four minutes, and one thirty-fourth of a second, saved in toto."

"Outrageous," muttered Criticus, as he pulled forth paper and pencil. "I suppose you are going to have a tick-less clock installed, as well." But, as he had no one to talk to, he was soon as engrossed in his work as the others. Dr. Angelicus glanced up furtively from time to time, the look of satisfaction on his face increasing as the day wore on. The silence of the tomb pervaded the library. But at four o'clock it was sharply broken by a curious pattering sound on the bare floor. Angelicus and Criticus, disturbed, glanced about. There in a corner, crouched Tittivillus, contentedly playing jacks.

"Boy," cried Angelicus, "it's not five o'clock. Back to work."

"There is none," grinned Tittivillus, intent on his ball. "I've arranged all the books, catalogued the new entries, done the dusting, filled the inkwells, brought the file up to date, sharpened the pencils, and straightened the curtains. Nothing more to do till tomorrow."

"Exactly," said Criticus delightedly. "And now you will sit there and distract us with your noise, so that we shant be able to work. We will thus lose all the time that you have saved by your concentration and silence. I knew the new rule would prove a boomerang."

Dr. Angelicus did, for a moment, look a little puzzled. But only for a moment. Then he said sternly to Tittivillus—

"If you do find yourself with all your duties performed, and time left before the closing hour, you should seize the opportunity of improving your mind—an occupation which has the advantage of being a silent one. I thought you wanted to

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become a poet. Why aren't you busy now at your versification?

"Why, when I was your age, I was writing poetry in every odd moment," exclaimed the Doctor, "and this constant practice as a boy did much, I am sure, toward furthering my career."

"Oh, have you any of the poems left that you wrote when you were young?" asked Tittivillus. "It would be a privilege to hear them."

"Well," said the Doctor, a trifle more good-naturedly, "I may have a few about. Hand me that folder over there."

"But," exclaimed Primus Criticus, "I thought the new rule prohibited any desultory reading aloud of poetry in the library!"

"My dear Criticus," said the Doctor, "you are, I feel sure, interested in the development of this boy. Now it may be of value to him, and indirectly to us, if his ear becomes attuned to good poetry. In such a case, I think we can abrogate the rule." And the Doctor pulled forth a sheaf of yellowed manuscript.

"Ah," he said, "here is a little thing that I wrote when I was about your age, boy. Besides its technical value as to form, it contains a lesson which you would do well to heed. Harken"—

Primus Criticus started to interrupt again, but the Doctor began with determination—

"Stranger things there are in nature, stranger things there are in art,
Than the old romancers tell us or the yellow sheets impart;
Life is full of grim surprises, so I never sit alone
Near a closed, upright piano, but I think of Elsa Kohn—
She whose soul was one great passion for the birds, and beasts, and flowers—
She whose slender fingers rendered Traumerei, at twilight hours,
While the photographs, and tidies, and the bric-a-brac, and such,
With the potted palms above her, trembled to her tuneful touch.
Day by day the plants she sprinkled, drenched their roots with moisture new,
And her music 'neath their verdure, sweeter, softer, fainter, grew;
Till the melting chords entranced me so, I vowed to wed her there,
By the little parlor upright where my Elsa played so fair.
But one twilight, as I waited for the coming of my dear,
Sudden from that bowered upright, came a piping low and queer—
Yes—again a muffled murmur from its latticed casing broke,
Just as though across a meadow, some lone woodland voice awoke.
Stealing to the case, I fumbled idly on the moisty keys—
Yes, they rested soft on mosses, while between the ivories
There were sprouts of grass, and fungus, and the oozes of the bog—
While, among the strings and hammers, croaked a fat pulsating frog!
Should you ask me, are the palm trees and the rubber-plants of yore,
Still upon that parlor upright, where they bloomed so fair before?
I shall answer, I shall tell you—that I go there nevermore!"

Doctor Angelicus looked up at his audience. Primus Criticus had "softly and silently vanished away;" but Tittivillus, who had been listening entranced, looked decidedly tearful.

"Poor Elsa," he sighed, as the clock on the tower outside boomed five, slow metallic strokes.

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